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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Practical Hints on Colour in Painting. Illustrated by Examples from the Works of the Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. By John Burnet. 4to. London, 1827. Carpenter and Son.

MR. BURNET has now completed his "Practical Hints on Painting;" and a more interesting work has never come under our notice. In this third and last part of it, he has shewn, with great ability, that, as in composition and in chiaroscuro, so also in the general management of colour in a picture, the great masters proceeded upon principles varying, yet harmonious; and which, while they occasionally seemed to be in direct hostility to one another, always tended to the same triumphant results. To the professor, Mr. Burnet's remarks must be invaluable; and the general observer will, by their attentive perusal, be enabled, in most cases, to detect the causes of the pleasure which he receives from the contemplation of a fine picture; and will perhaps be surprised to find that what he may have been accustomed to consider as merely fortuitous or happy, is the consequence of consummate knowledge and skilful combination.

"My endeavour," says Mr. Burnet in his preface, "has been to investigate and arrange, under some tangible form, the many loose suggestions which lie scattered in the different authors who have treated of the subject; to collect and commit to paper those rules of practice which artists are guided by, without, perhaps, being aware from what source they have been derived, but which, as Reynolds says, 'pass current from one to another;' and to illustrate by slight examples, many of the arrangements of colour from the Venetian school (who, with the Bolognese school, were the first to collect into masses their warm and cold colours), down to the Flemish and Dutch schools, who may be said, by the excellence of their works, to have established upon unerring principles the whole theory of chiaroscuro and colouring." "If," he modestly adds, "by these few hints thrown together I have pointed out a shorter road to the student, something has been gained; and should it stimulate his mind to investigate the different combinations of colour which please or offend his eye, a degree of certainty will attend his practice unattainable by the mere habit of copying, either from nature or from art. I have aimed at establishing no theory but such as exists in the works of the best colourists, and those effects in nature which are daily passing before us."

Extracts from the more technical portions of Mr. Burnet's work would be unintelligible without the illustration of the plates, eight in number, which are executed in a very spirited, artist-like manner, and which are tinged so as to convey an admirable idea of above twenty of the master-pieces of Titian, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Van Dyke, Rembrandt, Cuyt, Teniers, Ostade, De Hooze, Hobbins, &c. But we will subjoin a few passages which are of a more general de-

scription. The following comparison between Titian and Paul Veronese comprehends in a very brief space a distinct and perfect character of the respective merits of those great men:—

"In comparing Titian with P. Veronese, the first great difference which strikes us, is the general warmth which seems diffused over the works of the former. Titian's objects are represented under the influence of an evening sky, when the white atmosphere is filled with the yellow rays of the setting sun, swallowing up the little differences of colour in one broad universal splendour. The works of Veronese possess the freshness of morn, when the dewy moisture spreads a delicate veil over the scene, and every object glitters with pearls; or when they give out the insufferable brightness of mid-day in contact with masses of clear blue sky.—This difference in the general look of their pictures pervades the most minute parts of the composition. We seek in vain, in the works of Titian, for those delicate gray tones which we see in the flesh of Veronese: in Titian they are absorbed in one general rich glaze. In Veronese, the grays of the architecture, the shadows of the white drapery, of the clouds, &c. all partake of freshness and delicacy, having a resemblance to the tender tints in size-colour; while in Titian they assume an appearance of the same tints washed over with a glazing of transparent yellow. That they both reached perfection in their works may be reasonably concluded from the superiority they still hold above all those who have proceeded upon the same principles."

The distinguishing qualities of the landscapes of Claude, Titian, and Rubens, are thus ably discriminated:—

"In the landscapes of Claude we may perceive a breadth and effect which has served as an example down to the present time; and which may be considered as furnishing hints for the treatment of subjects embracing a wide expanse of country; a softness in the colour, either from the interposition of the atmosphere, or breadth of shadow. His green tints are seldom violent, and his blue of the sky and distance is filled with retiring gray tones. His shadows, if illuminated, are touched upon with cool reflected lights; which treatment, if it deprive them of the rich tones arising from transparent glazings, gives them that truth which they possess in nature. At sunrise or sunset, his light generally possesses its characteristic feature, and is seldom charged with strong colour; his darkest shadows are prevented from being heavy, and receive a portion of air from the introduction of figures dressed in strong blue draperies; and the warm colours of his buildings and ground are focused, or rendered less harsh, by figures dressed in still more positive colours."

"If we contemplate the landscapes of Titian, we find in them the same greatness of style in composition and colour which pervades his most sublime works. The light of his clouds assumes a deep-toned brightness, aided by the contrast of his dark azure and distances;

and is often rendered dazzling by a multiplicity of dark-brown leaves rustling up against it; while the blue and yellow of his skies find a corresponding harmony in the green and brown of his foliage, and ground or stems of his trees. The back-ground to his 'Peter Martyr,' claims equal admiration with his figures."

"The great breadth of colour and effect in the few landscapes from the pencil of Rubens, stamps them with that splendour which his knowledge and practice in the higher departments of the art so easily enabled him to accomplish. As he has generally represented his scenery under the influence of a rising or setting sun, he was enabled to employ the most glowing colours with a greater appearance of truth. The yellow light struggling amidst a multiplicity of delicate, purples and blues in the sky, assumes a deeper hue as it sheds its colour upon trees and herbage, until it reaches the foreground in one mass of warm and transparent colour; and though the light commences in pale yellow and white, it terminates in the foreground in rich brown and red. The landscape presented to the National Gallery by Sir George Beaumont, and 'The Watering-Place,' at Montague House, are excellent examples of his mode of treating colours. In this latter, the green of his middle ground and blue of his distance are of a more positive character; reminding one more of the colour of Van Uden. His figures are generally employed to enable him to introduce, more naturally, his strong reds or browns, as his light falls into the shadow side of his picture; or to focus his strong colours in the foreground. If his green colours are sometimes more violent than, under such circumstances, we might expect to see in nature, they are kept in check, and counteracted, by his warm brown colours. In this particular he has been admirably imitated by Gainsborough; whose later works possess the same brilliancy of effect, with the yellow tones approaching more to the depth of Titian."

The library of no lover of the fine arts can henceforward be considered complete without Mr. Burnet's work. In order that the three parts of which it consists may be bound together, he has added to the last part, the general title of, "A Practical Treatise on Painting; in Three Parts;" and, with great propriety, has dedicated the whole to Sir Thomas Lawrence; "who, not only in his own admirable productions exhibits the best principles of art, but warmly and generously encourages the cultivation of them by others; fostering in the most liberal manner every effort calculated to contribute to so desirable an object."

Tales of the Harem. By Mrs. Pickersgill. 12mo. pp. 191. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

THE name of Pickersgill is so associated with visions of oriental loveliness, that we took up this volume with feelings of no ordinary expectation; nor have we been far disappointed.

That exquisite Mamaddin floating on his lotus couch down the Ganges; that fair Turkish girl, with her dark dreaming eyes, gazing on her love letter of flowers;—these have been Mrs. Pickersgill's inspiration; and well has she proved that poetry and painting are sister arts. The plan of these tales is very poetical; they are told to beguile summer evenings past in marble halls, to the music of the lute and the gushing fountain. We shall catch a few notes at random.

"The Indian Girl's Song.
To our bowers let us haste,
Ere the morning's light
From the garden has chased
The tears of the night;
Let the jasmine fair
In our wreath be seen,
And the rosebud be there
From her throne of green.
For the blossoms, they say,
Are more holy by far,
Plucked beneath the ray
Of the midnight star!
And let those bright flowers,
When spangled with dew,
Which hang from our bowers
Of roseate hue,
With the champagne sweet,
To braid our dark hair,
While their perfumes all meet,
And are blended there.
For, &c.

The following extract has some truly eastern description:—

"Fair was the eve; the sun's last beam
Shone gently on the dark-blue stream,
Mingling his tender streaks of red
With the pure rays the pale moon shed.
Ne'er, save beneath an eastern sky,
Is seen so fair, so sweet an hour,
When Nature's self rests silently,
In soft repose, on shrub and flower;
Nought broke that lovely stillness, save
The distant plashing of the wave,
When the light bark, with dripping oar,
Darted to reach the distant shore,
Or music's thrilling notes, that fell
On the cool breeze, and woke a spell
So heavenly, that the listening ear
Had thought some wandering spirit near.
Perchance the sweet star's chords
Were struck by one who felt the pain
That never could be told by words,
But floated sweetly in that strain.
None ever viewed a scene so fair
As those who haply lingered there,
And marked the horizon's vivid glow,
The mountain's summit clad in snow;
And where the broad-leaved plantain shone
Near the slight palm-tree's fan-like crown,
The banian's hospitable shade,
By reproductive branches made,
Lending its kindly shelter still,
From noontide heat or midnight chill;
Groves where the fethered coo grew,
Glittering with eve's own lucid dew,
A thousand birds on sportive wing,
Made vocal every bending spray
With varied notes they seemed to sing
Soft vapors to the parting day;
The pale moon there her crescent hung,
And o'er the waves a splendour hung,
More mild and lovely than the beam
The mid-day sun flings on the stream.
'Twas on the eve the Hindoos lave,
Like sea-born Rhamba, in the wave;
Their solemn rites, and spells prepare,
Invoking Beauty's goddess there,
In many a wild and desperate dirge,
Recounting o'er the sacred surge
There troops of girls, with tresses flowing,
In youth's first pride of beauty glowing,
Plunged in the tide, in youthful play,
Dashing around the river's spray;
Their slender, polished limbs they lave,
Like Naisos on the liquid wave."

One portrait of a Greek heroine, and we have done.

"Fair Constance—who had seen that face
Beaming with smiles, in childhood's bower,
Thou daughter of a mighty race!
And seen thee in thy tyrant's power,—
Had they not wept that one so bright
Was doomed to share her country's blight!
And well that country's wrongs she knew—
Felt how corroding were its chains—
Then to its rescue nobly flew,
To wipe away its hateful stains!
And she has bled for that dear land,
And every sterner peril dared;
Wielded alike the warlike brand,
The battle's fiercest tumult shared!"

And yet that slender, fragile form,
More like a weak, exotic flower,
Unused to bear the wintry storm,
Seems fitter for a gentler bower.

And now no more with Grecian maids
The dance she joins at day's soft close,
Nor her long glossy ringlets braids
With chaplets of the summer's rose.
No more the panygri wakes
Her slumbers with the echoing lute;
But sounds of war her rough couch shakes,
And every softer strain is mute."

Such are the contents of this little volume, from which we cannot part without congratulating Mrs. Pickersgill on her sweet and graceful performance.

Scenes and Occurrences in Albany and Cafferland, South Africa. 12mo. pp. 214. London, 1827. W. Marsh.

THIS is a delightful little volume, written with great liveliness and observation: it will be a treat indeed to fireside travellers, for the author possesses to a great degree the faculty of bringing the scene completely before your eyes; witness the following lion hunt:—

"Mr. S. had chased in the direction of the mimosas, trenching on the ground which our comrades were to take; he was getting closer to his object, and was about to dismount a second time, when his eyes glanced on the long-wished-for game,—an enormous lion! He was walking majestically slow,—but when Mr. S. gave the tallyho to us, he couched, and seemed inclined to wait, but soon afterwards cantered off to the mimosas. In a few seconds we were all up, at least our division.—The first object was to prevent him from climbing the mountain; we therefore rode through the mimosas, about three hundred yards from where he had entered, and got between him and the heights. Diederik Muller and Mr. S., with their servants and led horses, then rode round the little grove, whilst we were stationed where we first entered. The grove was hardly five hundred yards in length, and twenty in breadth, consequently we could by this arrangement command the whole of it. True to our engagement, as well as heartily wishing their assistance, we waited for the other party. The other part of our division having rode round the grove, came up opposite to us, but at a distance, and as we saw them dismount we did the same. Our situation was not very enviable; we had but one large gun, but Mr. Rennie, who carried it, was perfectly collected. We were talking to each other rather in a whisper, when Mr. Rennie very coolly said, 'Listen, the gentleman is grumbling.'—The sound was so very like distant thunder, that we doubted it, but at the same moment I caught a glimpse of the lion walking away not a hundred and fifty yards from us, and he must have been previously still nearer to us than we had calculated. I gave the alarm, which was echoed to our friends, who in an instant mounted and rode up to the lower end, calling upon us to advance. We were moving down to gain a position on a little height, when a gun was fired, followed by four more. This convinced us our other division had joined. We thought there would have been an end to our sport before it had well begun; but, on the contrary, the shots were fired not only to prevent him leaving the copse, but to prove their guns, for a miss-fire is frequently of consequence. The last shot had the effect of turning him, and we now had a full view of him returning to the centre, whisking his tail about, and treading among the smaller bushes as if they had been grass, reminding us most forcibly of the paintings we had seen of this majestic

animal. The last shot, however, had convinced us that our position was not safe, for the ball passed very near us. We called to inform the party of this, and they resolved on another plan of attack. They desired us to station two Hottentots on a hill above our position, and we were to join them. We crossed again through the bush, and it was then determined that we were all to dismount, and tie our horses together, and then to advance on foot. This is the usual plan, and it is done to secure any person from galloping off by his horse taking fright or otherwise, which would induce the lion to pursue, and thus one or other might be sacrificed. We had hardly begun to tie our horses, when the Hottentots stationed on the hill, cried out that the lion was running off at the lower end, where he had attempted to escape before. We were on horseback in a second, but the lion had got a-head; we had him however in full view, as there was nothing to intercept it. Off he scampered.—The Tambookies, who had just come up, and mixed amongst us, could scarcely clear themselves of our horses; and their dogs howling and barking,—we halloeing,—the lion still in full view, making for a small copse, about a mile distant,—and the number and variety of the antelopes on our left, scouring off in different directions, formed one of the most animating spectacles the annals of sporting could produce. Diederik and Mr. S. being on very spirited horses, were the foremost, and we wondered to see them pass on in a direction different from the copse where we had seen the lion take covert. Christian gave us the signal to dismount, when we were, as well as could be judged, about two hundred yards from the copse. He desired us to be quick in tying the horses, which was done as fast as each came up. And now the die was cast,—there was no retreating. We were on lower ground than the lion, with not a bush around us. Diederik and Mr. S. had now turned their horses, far as we afterwards learned, they had been run off with in consequence of their bridles having broken. The plan was to advance in a body, leaving our horses with the Hottentots, who were to keep their backs towards the lion, fearing they should become unruly at the sight of him. All these preparations occupied but a few seconds, and they were not completed,—when we heard him growl, and imagined he was making off again,—but no,—as if to retrieve his character from suspicion of cowardice for former flight, he had made up his mind in turn to attack us. To the growl succeeded a roar, and in the same instant we saw him bearing down upon us, his eye-balls glistening with rage. We were unprepared; his motion was so rapid, no one could take aim,—and he furiously darted at one of our horses, whilst we were at their heads, without a possibility of preventing it. The poor horse sprang forward, and with the force of the action wheeled all the horses round with him. The lion likewise wheeled, but immediately couched at less than ten yards from us. Our left flank thus became exposed, and on it fortunately stood C. Muller and Mr. Rennie. What an anxious moment! For a few seconds we saw the monster at this little distance, resolving, as it were, on whom he should first spring. Never did I long so ardently to hear the report of a gun. We looked at them aiming, and then at the lion. It was absolutely necessary to give a mortal blow, or the consequences might perhaps be fatal to some one of the party.—A second seemed a minute.—At length Christian fired; the under-jaw of the lion dropped,—blood gushed from

his mouth, and he turned round with a view to escape.—Mr. Rennie then shot him through the spine,—and he fell. At this moment he looked grand beyond expression. Turning again towards us, he rose upon his fore feet,—his mouth bleeding, his eyes flashing vengeance. He attempted to spring at us;—but his hind legs denied him assistance;—he dragged them a little space, when Stephanus put a final period to his existence, by shooting him through the brain.—He was a noble animal,—measuring nearly twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. Diederik and Mr. S. at this crisis rejoined us, and eagerly inquired if all were safe. They had seen the lion bear down upon us, and they thought it impossible but that one of us must have suffered. The anxiety now was to learn whose horse had been the victim, and it was soon announced that it was a highly valued one of poor Diederik's. The lion's teeth had pierced quite through the lower part of the thigh; it was lame, and Diederik thinking it irrecoverably so, determined on shooting it, declaring that no *scheilm* beast should kill his horse.—We all, however, interfered, and it was at length arranged with two Tambookies, that if they would lead him to their kraal they should have a goat for their trouble. The Tambookies had some bends given them for skinning the lion,—which they readily accomplished with their assegais; my trophy was the under jaw, and teeth. The elements now seemed determined to crown the whole with a *feu de joie*, for in a few minutes we had just over us a tremendous peal of thunder!"

The chance extracts which we subjoin will give a further idea of what these pages contain:—

"They went up to the dead elephant, merely to examine it; for the Hottentots leave the tasks till the flesh becomes softened, as it would take up too much time to separate them. One of these men took out his knife, and cut a circular piece off the head, about an inch deep; he then pointed out a dark spot, similar to what is called the kernel in beef; this he probed with his knife, and brought out a small part of a twig; but it was broken. He distributed a little piece as a great favour, then carefully wrapt the remainder up, as they have an idea, that whoever wears it, can never be killed by an elephant; and this valuable charm was transferred by my friend to me. It is remarkable that no naturalist has ever noticed this circumstance. There is no outward appearance, and it is impossible to imagine how it becomes enclosed, or of what use it is to the animal."

"On our return to the house we saw his daughter, who was lately married. She had drawn a crowd of admirers round her;—not less than seventeen candidates met together at her father's house one Saturday night, which is the usual day for courtship. She was inexorable to the whole, and fixed on a neighbouring youth. They appeared in court, and were to be married in three weeks. Again she refused to buckle to, and fixed on another, to whom she was just married, at the age of sixteen. The court, on her appearing a second time, fined her £50 for her indecision. Her excuse was, that when her lover saluted her one morning, he smelt of brandy. Whether this was a sufficient apology, or whether it was on this ground, is hard to say,—but the fine was remitted. The discarded lover, in order to prove his indifference, prevailed on a nymph in the vicinity to console him for his loss, and the two couples were married at the same time."

* One large bull elephant stationed himself

in the middle of one of these small bushes; and at least two hundred rounds were fired without being able to bring him down, or make him move from the place in which he had stationed himself. At every shot he received, he was observed to blow a quantity of water into the wound, and then tear up a large lump of earth to endeavour to stop the blood. The Caffers do the same thing when they have been shot—that is, tear up a handful of grass and thrust it into the wounded place; and it is thought they have learnt this from seeing the elephants do it. At length the great bull dropped. The party then entered the bush, and, to their great surprise, found that the reason he would not leave this spot, was, that he had there found a pool of water, with which he had been washing his wounds. His height measured seventeen feet and three quarters, and his teeth weighed one hundred and ninety pounds."

"It was impossible not to notice the appearance of the brothers Muller. They were fine tall men, above six feet, the elder perhaps not forty, with particularly good and intelligent countenances, and famed far and wide as lion hunters. Amongst the stories which they told us, one was of a narrow escape of the elder brother. He had marked, as he thought, the exact spot in which he had seen a lion couch, and rode on with a view of alighting at a certain distance; but he had miscalculated, and the lion darted on him from behind a stone, and bore him and his horse to the ground. He lay senseless from the fall; the lion leaped on him, and would immediately have destroyed him, had not his attention been caught at the moment by the rapid advance of the brother Christian, who, afraid of firing at a distance, lest he might injure his brother, boldly came close up to him, and shot the monster through the heart."

We have met with many more scientific and many more voluminous travellers; but few more amusing, or more calculated for general readers, than the one we now dismiss with most cordial praise.

Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches.

(Continuation.)

OUR readers could not fail to perceive by our previous quotations that the author was a capital story-teller; one who colours highly, and will not miss a point by adhering too tenaciously to the actual common-place facts of the case. They must also have seen that his descriptions of manners, persons, &c. partook largely of that peculiar richness which belongs to the genuine Hibernian style. We have heard of an Irish musician who blew the flute with a brogue; and Sir Jonah paints one of his countrymen as being so entirely Irish in gait, as well as in accent, that he had the brogue in his shoulders. A hit of this sort is worth a picture; but his whole-lengths are also good. *Es. gr.*: his first teacher was Mr. Michael Lodge, of whom he relates:—

"I never shall forget his figure! he was a tall man, with thin legs and great hands, and was generally biting one of his nails whilst employed in teaching me. The top of his head was half bald: his hair was clubbed with a rose-ribbon; a tight stock, with a large silver buckle to it behind, appeared to be almost choking him: his chin and jaws were very long; and he used to hang his under jaw, shut one eye, and look up to the ceiling, when he was thinking or trying to recollect any thing. Mr. Michael Lodge had been what is called a matross in the artillery service. My grandfather had got him made a gauger; but he

was turned adrift for letting a poor man do something wrong about distilling. He then became a land-surveyor and architect for the farmers: he could farry, cure cows of the murrain, had numerous secrets about cattle and physis, and was accounted the best bleeder and bone-setter in that county—all of which healing accomplishments he exercised gratis. He was also a famous brewer and accountant—in fine, was every thing at Cullennagh: steward, agent, caterer, farmer, sportsman, secretary, clerk to the colonel as a magistrate, and also clerk to Mr. Barret as the parson; but he would not sing a stave in church, though he'd chant indefatigably in the hall. He had the greatest contempt for women, and used to beat the maid-servants; whilst the men durst not vex him, as he was quite despot! He had a turning-lathe, a number of grinding-stones, and a carpenter's bench, in his room. He used to tin the sauce-pans, which act he called *chymistry*; and I have seen him, like a tailor, putting a new cape to his riding-coat! He made all sorts of nets, and knit stockings; but above all he piqued himself on the variety and depth of his *learning*. Under the tuition of this Mr. Michael Lodge, who was surnamed the 'wise man of Cullennaghmore,' I was placed at four years of age, to learn as much of the foregoing as he could teach me in the next five years: at the expiration of which period he had no doubt of my knowing as much as himself, and then (he said) I should go to school 'to teach the master.' This idea of teaching the master was the greatest possible incitement to me; and as there was no other child in the house, I never was idle, but was as inquisitive and troublesome as can be imagined. Every thing was explained to me; and I not only got on surprisingly, but my memory was found to be so strong, that Mr. Michael Lodge told my grandfather *half learning* would answer me as well as *whole learning* would another child. In truth, before my sixth year, I was making a very great hole in Mr. Lodge's stock of information (fortification and gunnery excepted), and I verily believe he only began to learn many things himself when he commenced teaching them to me. He took me a regular course by Horn-book, Primer, Spelling-book, Reading-made-Easy, *Æsop's Fables*, &c.: but I soon aspired to such of the old library books as had pictures in them; and particularly a very large History of the Bible, with cuts, was my constant study. Hence I knew how every saint was murdered; and Mr. Lodge not only told me that each martyr had a painter to take his likeness before death, but also fully explained to me how they had all sat for their pictures, and assured me that most of them had been murdered by the *Papists*."

At Dublin, whither he went to complete his studies, his second master was the Rev. Patrick Crawly, Rector of Killgobbin, whose son (he says), "my schoolfellow, was hanged a few years ago for murdering two old women with a shoemaker's hammer. My tutor's person was, in my imagination, of the same genus as that of Caliban. His feet covered a considerable space of any room wherein he stood, and his thumbs were so large that he could scarcely hold a book without hiding more than half the page of it.—though bulky himself, his clothes doubled the dimensions proper to suit his body; and an immense frowzy wig, powdered once a week, covered a head which, for size and form, might vie with a quarter-cask. Vaccination not having as yet plundered horned cattle of their disorders, his predecessor had left evident proofs of attachment to the rector's counte-

nance. That old Christian malady, the small-pox, which had resisted so many centuries amongst our ancestors, and which modern innovations have endeavoured to undermine, had placed his features in a perfect state of compactness and security—each being screwed quite tight to its neighbour, and every seam appearing deep and glistly, so that the whole visage appeared to defy alike the edge of the sharpest scalpel, and the skill of the most expert anatomist."

In the anecdote department we may likewise quote the following, in addition to the selection of last week.

The late Marquess of Waterford "had a tremendous squint; nor was there any thing prepossessing in the residue of his features to atone for that deformity. Nothing can better exemplify his lordship's opinion of himself and others, than an observation I heard him make at Lord Portarlington's table. Having occasion for a *superlative* degree of comparison between two persons, he was at a loss for a climax. At length, however, he luckily hit on one. 'That man was (said the marquess)—he was as superior as—as—I am to Lord Ranelagh!'

"A few years since, the present Sir John Bourke, of Glinsk, bart. travelled with his new-married lady and establishment to Rome, not solely for his pleasure, but, as an Irish Catholic, to pay his respects to the pope, kiss his holiness's toe, and purchase antiquities. The late Sir Francis Gould, then at Paris, requested Sir John (before me), that, as he fancied he felt himself in a declining state of health, and unable to travel so far as Rome, he (Sir John) would take the proper steps, through Cardinal Gonsalvi, to procure him from his holiness a bull of plenary absolution, and, if possible, an indulgence also; adding, that Sir John might *hint* to the cardinal that he intended to bequeath a good deal of his property amongst the clergy. Sir John undertook the matter, proceeded to Rome, saw the cardinal, and, as far as the absolution went, succeeded. He was himself at the same time created 'Marchese de Bourke of the Holy Roman Empire,' and a bull was duly made out for Sir Francis Gould, at very considerable expense. Sir John received also a couple of blessed candles, six feet long, to burn whilst the bull was being read. Its express terms and conditions, however, were, 'Provided the penitent, Sir Francis Gould, should not again voluntarily commit the same sins now forgiven,' (which list included nearly all the sins the cardinal could think of!); in the other case, the forgiveness would be void, and the two sets of sins come slap upon the soul of Sir Francis at once, no doubt with compound interest; and which nothing but severe penance, some hundred full masses, and a great deal of mass-money, would ever be able to bring him through. Sir John having brought home the bull, magnificently enclosed, and sewed up in a silk bag sealed officially by the cardinal, informed Sir Francis (as we were all dining together at Bourke's Hotel) that he had that day unpacked his luggage, had the pope's bull perfectly safe, and would hand it to him instantly. Sir Francis asked him its exact purport. 'I have had two others,' said he, 'but they are null, for I sinned again, and so can't depend upon them.' Sir John informed him of the purport, so far as his Latin went; when Sir Francis calmly said, 'My dear Bourke, don't give me the bull yet *enwhile*; its operation, I find, is only retrospective, and does not affect sins committed after its delivery: why

did you not bring me one that would answer always?' 'Such a one would cost a damned deal more,' replied Sir John. 'Well, then,' said Sir Francis, 'send it to me in about ten days or a fortnight—not sooner: it will answer then pretty well, as I am about taking away a beautiful young creature, my landlady's daughter, next week, and I should have that sin to answer for if you gave me the bull before I had her clean out of Paris!' He kept his word, took off the girl, then got the *absolution*; and in a very short time, poor fellow! was afforded by death an opportunity of trying its efficacy."

This is, we fear, a sad burlesque upon the profession of an easy religion; but Sir Jonah is, thanks to Mr. Lodge, no friend to "the papists." The following is a graver statement; and if not more exaggerated than can readily be imagined, affords a portentous warning to British parents who wish to give their children a cheap and accomplishing education in France. Sir J. and his lady had, it seems, been advised to place their two youngest daughters for this purpose at a celebrated Ursuline convent at Rouen, "the abbess whereof (says the author) was considered a more tolerating *religieuse* than any of her contemporaries..... The abbess of the convent in question, Madame Cousin, was a fine, handsome old nun, as affable and insinuating as possible, and gained on us at first sight. She enlarged on the great advantages of her system; and shewed us long galleries of beautiful little bed-chambers, together with gardens overlooking the boulevards, and adorned by that interesting tower wherein Jeanne d'Arc was so long confined previously to her martyrdom. Her table, Madame Cousin assured us, was excellent and abundant. I was naturally impressed with an idea that a nun feared God at any rate too much to tell twenty direct falsehoods and practise twenty deceptions in the course of half an hour, for the lucre of fifty Napoleons, which she required in advance, without the least intention of giving the value of five for them; and, under this impression, I paid down the sum demanded, gave up our two children to Madame Cousin's motherly tutelage, and returned to the Hôtel de France almost in love with the old abbess. On our return to Paris, we received letters from my daughters, giving a most flattering account of the convent generally, of the excellence of Madame l'Abbesse, the plenty of good food, the comfort of the bed-rooms, and the extraordinary progress they were making in their several acquirements. I was hence induced to commence the second half-year, also in advance; when a son-in-law of mine, calling to see my daughters, requested the eldest to dine with him at his hotel, which request was long resisted by the abbess, and only granted at length with manifest reluctance. When arrived at the hotel, the poor girl related a tale of a very different description from the foregoing, and as piteous as unexpected. Her letters had been dictated to her by a priest. I had scarcely arrived at Paris, when my children were separated, turned away from the show bed-rooms, and allowed to speak any language to each other only one hour a day, and not a word on Sundays. The eldest was urged to turn Catholic; and, above all, they were fed in a manner at once so scanty and so bad, that my daughter begged hard not to be taken back, but to accompany her brother-in-law to Paris. This was conceded; and when the poor child arrived, I saw the necessity of immediately recalling her sister. I was indeed shocked at seeing her,—so wan and thin, and greedy, did she appear. On our first inquiry for the convent above alluded to,

we were directed by mistake to another establishment belonging to the saint of the same name, but bearing a very inferior appearance, and superintended by an abbess whose toleration certainly erred not on the side of laxity. We saw the old lady within her grated lattice. She would not come out to us; but, on being told our business, smiled as cheerfully as fanaticism would let her. (I dare say the expected pension already jingled in her glowing fancy.) Our terms were soon concluded, and every thing was arranged, when Lady Barrington, as a final direction, requested that the children should not be called too early in the morning, as they were unused to it. The old abbess started: a gloomy doubt seemed to gather on her furrowed temples; her nostrils distended; and she abruptly asked, '*N'êtes-vous pas Catholiques?*' 'Non,' replied Lady Barrington, '*nous sommes Protestants.*' The countenance of the abbess now utterly fell, and she shrieked out, '*Mon Dieu! alors vous êtes hérétiques! Je ne permets jamais d'hérétiques dans ce couvent!—allez!—allez!—vos enfants n'entreront jamais dans le couvent des Ursulines!—allez!—allez!*' and instantly crossing herself, and muttering, she withdrew from the grate."

Too many of our home boarding-schools are had enough for female instruction; but we should prefer almost the worst of them to the liberality of the one celebrated Ursuline establishment at Rouen, or the fanaticism of the other.

Among the early adventures of the author, there is one of considerable drollery, which we are tempted to extract. An entertainment was given by his brother by way of house-warming to a new hunting-lodge, and the company consisting of "hard-going sportsmen," counted among them Captain Joseph Kelly (Mick's well-known brother). On his arrival at the scene of action about ten o'clock in the morning, after the first day's debauch, Sir J. thus describes appearances:—

"The room was strewn with empty bottles—some broken—some interspersed with glasses, plates, dishes, knives, spoons, &c. all in glorious confusion. Here and there were heaps of bones, relics of the former day's entertainment, which the dogs, seizing their opportunity, had cleanly picked.—Three or four of the Bacchanalians lay fast asleep upon chairs—one or two others on the floor, among whom a piper lay on his back, apparently dead, with a table-cloth spread over him, and surrounded by four or five candles, burnt to the sockets; his chanter and bags were laid scientifically across his body, his mouth was quite open, and his nose made ample amends for the silence of his drone. Joe Kelly and a Mr. Peter Alley were fast asleep in their chairs, close to the wall. Had I never viewed such a scene before, it would have almost terrified me; but it was nothing more than the ordinary custom which we called *waking the piper*, when he had got too drunk to make any more music. * * * No servant was to be seen, man or woman. I went to the stables, wherein I found three or four more of the goodly company, who had just been able to reach their horses, but were seized by Morpheus before they could mount them, and so lay in the mangers awaiting a more favourable opportunity. Returning hence to the cottage, I found my brother, also asleep, on the only bed which it then afforded: he had no occasion to put on his clothes, since he had never taken them off. I next waked Dan Tyron, a wood ranger of Lord Ashbrook, who had acted as *maître d'hôtel* in making the ar-

rangements, and providing a horse-load of game to fill up the banquet. I then inspected the parlour, and insisted on breakfast. Dan Tyron set to work: an old woman was called in from an adjoining cabin, the windows were opened, the room cleared, the floor swept, the relics removed, and the fire lighted in the kitchen. The piper was taken away senseless, but my brother would not suffer either Joe or Alley to be disturbed till breakfast was ready. No time was lost; and, after a very brief interval, we had before us abundance of fine eggs, and milk fresh from the cow, with brandy, sugar and nutmeg, in plenty; a large loaf, fresh butter, a cold round of beef, which had not been produced on the previous day, red herrings, and a bowl dish of potatoes roasted on the turf ashes;—in addition to which, ale, whiskey, and port, made up the refreshments. All being duly in order, we at length awakened Joe Kelly, and Peter Alley, his neighbour: they had slept soundly, though with no other pillow than the wall; and my brother announced breakfast with a view halloo! The twain immediately started and roared in unison with their host most tremendously! it was, however, in a very different tone from the view halloo, and perpetuated much longer. 'Come, boys,' says French, giving Joe a pull—'come!' 'Oh, murder!' says Joe, 'I can't!' 'Murder!—murder!' echoed Peter. French pulled them again, upon which they roared the more, still retaining their places.—I have in my lifetime laughed till I nearly became spasmodic; but never were my risible muscles put to greater tension than upon this occasion. The wall had only that day received a coat of mortar, and of course was quite soft and yielding when Joe and Peter thought proper to make it their pillow; it was nevertheless setting fast from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours' carousal; and, in the morning, when my brother awakened his guests, the mortar had completely set, and their hair being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, the entire of Joe's stock, together with his queue, and half his head, was thoroughly and irrecoverably bedded in the greasy and now marble cement; so that, if determined to move, he must have taken the wall along with him, for separate it would not.—One side of Peter's head was in the same state of imprisonment. Nobody was able to assist them, and there they both stuck fast. A consultation was now held on this pitiful case, which I maliciously endeavoured to prolong as much as I could, and which was, in fact, every now and then interrupted by a roar from Peter or Joe, as they made fresh efforts to rise. At length, it was proposed by Dan Tyron to send for the stone-cutter, and get him to cut them out of the wall with a chisel. I was literally unable to speak two sentences for laughing. The old woman meanwhile tried to soften the obdurate wall with melted butter and new milk—but in vain.—I related the school story, how Hannibal had worked through the Alps with hot vinegar and hot irons—this experiment likewise was made, but Hannibal's solvent had no better success than the old crone's. Peter, being of a more passionate nature, grew ultimately quite outrageous: he roared, gnashed his teeth, and swore vengeance against the mason;—but as he was only held by one side, a thought at last struck him: he asked for two knives, which being brought, he whetted one against the other, and introducing the blades close to his skull, sawed away at cross corners till he was liberated, with the loss only of half his hair and a piece of his scalp,

which he had sliced off in zeal and haste for his liberty. I never saw a fellow so extravagantly happy! Fur was scraped from the crown of a hat, to stop the bleeding; his head was duly tied up with the old woman's *prasken*;* and he was soon in a state of bodily convalescence. Our solicitude was now required solely for Joe, whose head was too deeply buried to be exhumated with so much facility. At this moment, Bob Casey, of Ballynakill, a very celebrated wig-maker, just dropped in, to see what he could pick up honestly in the way of his profession, or steal in the way of any thing else; and he immediately undertook to get Mr. Kelly out of the mortar by a very expert but tedious process, namely,—clipping with his scissors, and then rooting out with an oyster knife. He thus finally succeeded, in less than an hour, in setting Joe once more at liberty, at the price of his queue, which was totally lost, and of the exposure of his raw and bleeding occiput. The operation was, indeed, of a mongrel description—somewhat between a complete tonsure and an imperfect scalping, to both of which denominations it certainly presented claims. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good! Bob Casey got the making of a skull-piece for Joe, and my brother French had the pleasure of paying for it, as gentlemen in those days honoured any order given by a guest to the family shop-keeper or artisan."

The second volume of these Sketches, though prosy and inferior to the first, nevertheless contains some matters which we can hardly pass over, in justice to the work, to our review, and to the entertainment of our readers: and we shall now, therefore, only take a temporary leave of Sir Jonah, and with two or three brief but amusing paragraphs.

"Curran had a perfect horror of fleas: nor was this very extraordinary, since those vermin seemed to shew him peculiar hostility. If they infested a house, my friend said, that 'they always flocked to his bed-chamber, when they heard he was to sleep there!' I recollect his being dreadfully annoyed in this way at Carlow; and, on making his complaint in the morning to the woman of the house, 'By heavens! madam,' cried he, 'they were in such numbers, and seized upon my carcass with so much ferocity, that if they had been unanimous, and all pulled one way, they must have dragged me out of bed entirely.'"

"Chief Justice Carleton was a very lugubrious personage. He never ceased complaining of his bad state of health (or rather of his hypochondriasm) and frequently introduced Lady Carleton into his 'Book of Lamentations:' thence it was remarked by Curran to be very extraordinary, that the chief justice should appear as plaintiff (*plaintive*) in every cause that happened to come before him! One *nisi prius* day, Lord Carleton came into court, looking unusually gloomy. He apologised to the bar for being necessitated to adjourn the court and dismiss the jury for that day, 'though,' proceeded his lordship, 'I am aware that an important issue stands for trial: but, the fact is, I have met with a domestic misfortune, which has altogether deranged my nerves! Poor Lady Carleton (in a low tone to the bar) has most unfortunately *miscarried*, and—' 'Oh, then, my lord!' exclaimed Curran, 'there was no necessity for your lordship to make any apology, since it now appears that your lordship has *no issue* to try.'"

"Old Judge Henn (a very excellent private

* A coarse dirty apron, worn by working women in a kitchen, in the country parts of Ireland.

character) was dreadfully puzzled on circuit, about 1789, by two pertinacious young barristers (arguing a civil bill upon some trifling subject) repeatedly haranguing the court, and each most positively laying down the 'law of the case' in direct opposition to his adversary's statement thereupon. The judge listened with great attention until both were tired of stating the law and contradicting each other, when they unanimously requested his lordship to decide the point. 'How, gentlemen,' said Judge Henn, 'can I settle it between you? You, sir, positively say the law is *one way*, and you (turning to the opposite party) as unequivocally affirm that it is the other way. I wish to God, Billy Harris, (to his registrar, who sat underneath,) I knew what the law *really* was!' 'My lord,' replied Billy Harris most sentimentally, rising at the same moment, and casting a despairing glance towards the bench, 'if I possessed that knowledge, I protest to God I would tell your lordship with a great deal of pleasure!' 'Then we'll *save the point*, Billy Harris,' exclaimed the judge. A more modern justice of the Irish King's Bench, in giving his *dictum* on a certain will case, absolutely said, 'he thought it very clear that the *testator* intended to keep a *life interest* in the estate to himself.' The bar did not laugh outright; but Curran soon rendered that consequence inevitable. 'Very true, my lord,' said he, 'very true! testators generally do secure life interests to themselves. But, in this case, I rather think your lordship takes the *will* for the deed.'"

We conclude with a real Irish *Law Precedent*. Judge Kelly "always most candidly admitted his legal mistakes: I recollect my friend William Johnson once pressed him very fiercely to a decision in his favour, and stating as an *argument* (in his usual peremptory tone to judges he was not afraid of) that there could be no doubt on the point—precedent was imperative in the matter, as his lordship had decided the same points the same way twice before. 'So, Mr. Johnson,' said the judge, looking archly, shifting his seat somewhat, and shrugging up his right shoulder,—'so! because I decided *wrong* twice, Mr. Johnson, you'd have me do so a *third* time? No, no, Mr. Johnson! you must excuse me. I'll decide the other way this bout:—and so he did.'"

The Italian Opera in London.

(Second notice, in continuation, from Lord Mount Edgecumbe's volume of *Musical Reminiscences*.)

HAVING seen, in our preceding paper, what his Lordship's opinions of so many distinguished singers are, we shall take leave to complete the list by quoting what he says of others.

Catalani follows *Grassini* and *Billington*.—"After three years of divided reign, both retired; Mrs. Billington, though in full possession of all her powers, quitting the stage entirely; and *Grassini*, feeling her extreme high favour a little on the decline, wisely returning to Italy. The great, the far-famed *Catalani* supplied the place of both, and for many years reigned alone, for she would bear no rival, nor any singer sufficiently good to divide the applause. Of this celebrated performer it is well known that her voice is of a most uncommon quality, and capable of exertions almost supernatural. Her throat seems endued (as has been remarked by medical men) with a power of expansion and muscular motion by no means usual, and when she throws out all her voice to the utmost, it has a volume and strength that are quite surprising;

while its agility in divisions, running up and down the scale in semi-tones, and its compass in jumping over two octaves at once, are equally astonishing. It were to be wished she was less lavish in the display of these wonderful powers, and sought to please more than to surprise: but her taste is vicious, her excessive love of ornament spoiling every simple air, and her greatest delight (indeed her chief merit) being in songs of a bold and spirited character, where much is left to her discretion (or indiscretion), without being confined by the accompaniment, but in which she can indulge in *ad libitum* passages with a luxuriance and redundancy no other singer ever possessed, or if possessing ever practised, and which she carries to a fantastical excess. She is fond of singing variations on some known simple air, and latterly has pushed this taste to the very height of absurdity, by singing, even without words, variations composed for the fiddle. This is absolute nonsense; a lamentable misapplication of that finest of instruments, the human voice, and of the delightful faculty of song. Whenever I hear such an outrageous display of execution, either vocal or instrumental, I never fail to recollect, and cordially join in, the opinion of a late noble statesman, more famous for his wit than for love of music, who, hearing a remark on the extreme difficulty of some performance, observed, that he wished it was impossible.* From what has been said, it may readily be conceived that Catalani has a bad choice in music, and that she prefers the compositions of inferior masters, written expressly for herself, to the more regular of better composers. She found one here precisely to her taste in Pucitta, who had been successful in two very light but pleasing comic operas. Him she employed to compose for her several serious, to which he was unequal: all of them were very moderate, *La Vestale* the best. She performed however in many others; *Semiramide* by Portogallo, which she chose for her *début*, but it was very inferior to Bianchi's, *Mitridate*, *Elfrida*, and, much to her dissatisfaction, *La Clemenza di Tito*, for she detested Mozart's music, which keeps the singer too much under the control of the orchestra, and too strictly confined to time, which she is apt to violate. Yet she first introduced to our stage his *Nozze di Figaro*, in which she acted the part of Susanna admirably. In the *Orsini* she performed the first soprano's part of Curiazio, that of the first woman being filled by Ferlendis, a pretty good actress, at that time first buffa. But she totally disregarded the general effect of an opera, and the cast of all the other characters, whatever might be the disadvantage of it to the other performers, if she was indulged in her whimsical choice of parts for herself. Thus in *Didone*, she caused the part of Enea to be done by Madame Dussek, who had neither voice, figure, nor action for the character; and in another opera she made Madame Dussek act the first woman's part, choosing for herself that of the first man. Latterly she assumed also the place of first buffa, and succeeded equally well in that line. Indeed she gave me more pleasure in the comic than the serious opera, as she sung with greater simplicity and ease. In both, her acting was excellent; in the one, majestic, forcible, and

expressive; in the other, natural, playful, and genteel. Her face and figure were suited to both; for she is very handsome, with a countenance peculiarly fine on the stage, and capable of great variety of expression. Though the outline of her features is decidedly tragic (almost *Siddonian*), yet she can relax them into the most charming smile, and assume the character not merely of gaiety, but even of *niaiserie* and of arch simplicity; so that her versatile powers fit her for every style. With all her faults, therefore, (and no great singer ever had so many), she must be reckoned a very fine performer, and if the natural powers with which she is so highly gifted were guided by sound taste and judgment, she might have been a perfect one."

"Catalani was now the only performer of any eminence remaining in England, and led in both lines: but as one singer does not constitute an opera,* and neither her disposition would bear with others, nor the extravagance of her annually increasing demands allow the manager to engage them, she at length quitted the theatre at the end of the season of 1813, having first endeavoured to purchase it, and thereby become sole proprietor, sole manager, and sole actress. Since she left our stage she has never trod any other, except at Paris, where she opened a small theatre under her own management, but the undertaking was not successful; and it is singular that the most famous singer and actress of her time has remained so long without any theatrical engagement. But her inordinate terms† make it impossible for any manager to incur so great an expense; and she has found it more agreeable to her taste, and probably more advantageous to her interest, to travel throughout nearly the whole of Europe giving concerts, at which she is generally the only vocal performer. She has made one such visit to England, and may in all probability make more, as she retains a partiality for this country, where she has been more extravagantly admired and paid than in any other. She has had the least success in her own, where she has sung but little, and where her talents are appreciated at their just value. As in what has been said she may have appeared in rather an unamiable light, it is but justice to add, that off the stage there is not an unamiable trait in her character. She is an excellent woman, and in every relation of private life her conduct is irreproachable. As I consider Catalani to be the last great singer heard in this country whose name is likely to be recorded in musical annals; and as, soon after her departure, a new era began in our opera, I shall here pause."

Rossini.—"That he is possessed of genius and invention cannot be denied; but they are not guided by good taste, and may be deemed too fanciful: neither are they inexhaustible, for he is so rapid and so copious a writer, that his imagination seems already to be nearly drained, as no one is so great a plagiarist of himself. His compositions are so similar, and bear so strong a stamp of peculiarity and *manerisme*, that while it is impossible not to recognise instantly a piece of music as his, it is frequently difficult to distinguish one from another. At least, I frankly confess my inability to do so, and that very few of his compositions

remain in my memory. This great sameness is of course augmented in no slight degree by the style now in vogue. If a single piece of music (or what is to be considered as such) is to contain as many different subjects as would make three or four, the composer's imagination must be wonderfully fertile indeed if the same ideas did not often recur, as the demand for new is at least quadrupled. Of the operas of Rossini that have been performed here, that of *La Gazza Ladra* is most peculiarly liable to all the objections I have made to the new style of drama, of which it is the most striking example. Its finales, and many of its very numerous *pezzi concertati* are uncommonly loud, and the lavish use made of the noisy instruments appears to my judgment singularly inappropriate to the subject, which, though it might have been rendered touching, is far from calling for such warlike accompaniments. Nothing can be more absurd than the manner in which this simple story is represented in the Italian piece, (taken, as well as the English one on the same subject, from *La pie voleuse*), or than to see a young peasant servant girl, accused of a petty theft, led to trial and execution under a guard of soldiers with military music. But this is a *meio-drama*, in which it is not merely allowable but almost necessary to violate truth, nature, and probability. This can have been done only to afford the composer an opportunity of indulging his taste for the *fortissimo*. The opera of Tancredi is much liked by his admirers, and there are certainly two or three very good and pleasing pieces of music in it: but when the principal, or at least the favourite song of a first man in a *heroic* opera is not only capable of being converted into a *quadrille*, but appears better adapted to that purpose than any other, all idea of its propriety and fitness for its situation must be put totally out of the question. Yet such is the case with the famous air *Di tanti palpiti*,* which, though pleasing in itself, is composed extremely in the style of a real French *contre-danse*. But not this only has been so converted; half of Rossini's operas are turned into quadrilles; nay, even *Mosé in Egitto*, a *sacred Oratorio*! Were it possible so to convert Handel's, we should deem it a *profanation*. But what shall we think of the judgment of that composer who could set solemn words to music so light and trivial as to allow of it? I have often heard it seriously remarked that his operas sound best when thus performed *without* the voices. Strange praise for *vocal* music, which I have ever considered as the finest vehicle for feeling and for passion, and as giving greater expression to words than can otherwise be conveyed; therefore when it is really good, they must be inseparably united. At the same time, I must allow there is truth in the remark, for Rossini gives so much importance to the orchestra, and so labours his accompaniments, that the vocal part is really often the least prominent, and overwhelmed, not supported."

"The frippery and metrical style of modern music is to the ear like tinsel to the eye, brilliant, striking, for a moment perhaps captivating, but it will be transitory, and speedily lost in the fluctuations of taste; and I think I may venture to predict, that Rossini will not long have ceased to write before he will cease to be remembered, and that his music will be thrown aside as that of so many

* "This too note has generally been given to Dr. Johnson, but I have reason to know it was said by the noble lord alluded to, of whom a similar one is recorded confirming his distaste for music. Being asked why he did not subscribe to the Ancient Concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it that his brother the Bishop of Worcester did, "Oh!" replied his lordship, "if I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too."

* "Her husband, M. Valabregue, was of a very different opinion: he is reported to have said, 'Ma femme, et quatre ou cinq poepees, voilà tout ce qu'il faut.'"

† "In her first year Catalani had the same salary as Mrs. Billington, 2000 guineas, (500 more than was paid to Banti). I heard her say that price was *ridiculously* low, and that to retain her, 'ci vogliono mille lire *sterline*.' She demanded, and obtained, *five thousand*."

* "This seems to be the more proper, as the motive is taken from a Latin *Litany* which Rossini has not scrupled to adopt as his own; his other favourite *cavatina*, *Di placar mi balza il core*, is a wild air sung by the Sicilian peasants;—so much for the originality of his two most popular songs."

of his predecessors and superiors already is: while the name of Mozart, with those of his two great countrymen Handel and Haydn, will live for ever, and his compositions, like theirs, descend as sterling gold to posterity, and be listened to with delight in all times and in all places, so long as the natural taste and feeling for music, common to man in all ages and situations, and the love of its true genuine beauties, shall continue to exist.

Fodor.—1816 was "a blank in operatical history. So wretchedly bad were all the male performers, that even their names cannot be remembered. The first woman, Sessi, was alone somewhat of a singer, with whom, though it was difficult to find fault, it was equally so to be pleased. The following season produced another total change, yet not much for the better. The company was a medley of all nations; of Russian, Spanish, French, English, with a very small intermixture of Italians. It is true Fodor was an improvement upon Sessi, but she never greatly pleased me. Her voice had sweetness, but she injured and confined it by not opening her mouth, and singing through her teeth. Her style was not truly Italian, nor could it be expected, for she is a Russian married to a Frenchman, had lived much in Paris, and never been in Italy: she is now gone thither, and may improve. Yet she was much liked by many, and became almost a favourite after her performance of Zerlina in Don Giovanni."

Bellocchi.—Fodor "was succeeded by Bellocchi, who, though a good singer and actress in comic opera, was not pleasing, from the coarseness of her voice and plainness of her person. She was rather like Storaee, possessing most of her defects without all her excellencies. She, however, surprised the public towards the close of her engagement by her excellent performance of the part of Tancredi, for which nothing could be less suited than her figure; but the music was well adapted to her voice, and her singing it was really so good as to make her appearance of no consequence."

Other singers now on the stage are thus discriminated:—

"The company for the two last seasons and the present, has been throughout respectable, though without any very prominent talent among the male performers. Among them, however, may be distinguished the first tenor, *Curioni*, who has a very sweet and pleasing voice, and is an agreeable though not a great singer; and *Zuchelli*, who possesses the most soft, mellow, and flexible bass voice I almost ever heard. But it is headed by two excellent first women, *Ronzi* de Begnis and *Camporese*."

* Her name was here Italianized into *Bellocchi*, but she was married to a Frenchman named *Belloc*.

† *Camporese* "is now living at Rome, under her proper name of *Madame Giustiniani*, enjoying ease and respectability, exercising her unimpaired talents for the pleasure of her friends, and never singing out of her own house. She gratefully shews great civilities to the English, to whom she is indebted for her celebrity." Of poor *Miss Cecilia Davis* we have another and a benevolent notice. "I cannot," says *Lord Mt. E.*, "conclude this volume without mentioning a circumstance which has come to my knowledge since the impression of it was far advanced, in hopes that it may benefit the unfortunate sufferer to whom it relates. *Miss Cecilia Davis*, who has been spoken of in an early period as one of the first singers of her time, is still alive and in England; and, at the advanced age of above seventy, infirm and in very bad health, is reduced to a state little short of starving. A miserable pittance of only twenty pounds a year is all she has to depend upon for her support. The most trifling donations, or smallest annual subscription, would save her from perishing of absolute want; and when it is considered that she was not only at the head of her profession, but is our countrywoman, and the first who ever attained to perfection on the Italian stage, her case will appear to be one of uncommon hardship; and a hope may be kindled that some few persons into whose hands these

The former, with a pretty face and pleasing countenance, has a voice of great sweetness and flexibility, which she manages with considerable skill and taste, is a good singer, and a good actress, both in serious and comic parts. But she decidedly excels most in the latter: indeed I have rarely seen a better buffa. She made her first appearance in *Il Turco* in *Italia*, and acted in it delightfully. Her husband, *De Begnis*, is an excellent comic actor. *Camporese's* talent is of a higher order. Born of respectable parents, and married to a member of the family of *Giustiniani*, she originally cultivated music only as an accomplishment, yet made herself complete mistress of its science. Subsequent events occasioned her converting what had been her amusement into her profession, and she became a public singer for concerts only. It was not till her first arrival in this country that she ever appeared on the stage, which she soon trod with all the ease of an experienced actress, and became immediately a very good theatrical performer, yet still retaining on the stage the genteel, lady-like manners for which she is distinguished in private society. She performed first in an opera called *Penelope*, which was not much admired, nor acted very often; consequently she did not make so favourable an impression as might have been expected from her talents; but every succeeding one developed them more and more, and added to her reputation. Amongst her happiest efforts must be ranked the beautiful and affecting part of *Agnes*, before alluded to. That opera, which is of the *semi-seria* kind, is one of *Paer's* most charming compositions. She excels greatly in *Desdemona*, and in the opera of *Mosé*: in the latter *Ronzi* took a principal character."

Torri has a very sweet but feeble voice; he has also much taste, and is a pleasing singer in a room.

Madame Vestris.—"The versatility of *Madame Vestris's* talent is well known, fitting her equally for the Italian, French, and English stage. Her first theatrical appearance was in *Grassini's* part of *Proserpina*, which she acted in two successive seasons with *Sessi* and with *Fodor*. She then gave promise of higher excellence than she has attained; but still she must be allowed to be a pleasing singer, and a very good actress."

Signora Garcia, when she appeared, "was as yet a mere girl, and had never appeared on any public stage; but from the first moment of her appearance she shewed evident talents for it both as singer and actress. Her extreme youth, her prettiness, her pleasing voice, and sprightly, easy action as *Rosina* in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, in which part she made her *début*, gained her general favour; but she was too highly extolled, and injudiciously put forward as a prima donna, when she was only a very promising *debutante*, who in time, by study and practice, would in all probability, under the tuition of her father, a good musician, but (to my ears, at least,) a most disagreeable singer, rise to eminence in her profession. But in the following year she went with her whole family (all of whom, old and young, are singers, *tant bons que mauvais*) to establish an Italian opera in America, where it is said, she is married; so that she will probably never return to this country, if to Europe."

Velluti and Bonini.—"Velluti is no longer young, and his voice is in decay. It seems to

pages may fall, will lend their charitable aid to relieve her distress, and cheer the short remainder of a life drawing so nearly to its close."

have had considerable compass, but has failed (which is extraordinary) in its middle tones, many of which are harsh and grating to the ear. Some of his upper notes are still exquisitely sweet, and he frequently dwells on, swells, and diminishes them with delightful effect. His lower notes too are full and mellow, and he displays considerable art in descending from the one to the other, by passages ingeniously contrived to avoid those which he knows to be defective. His manner is florid without extravagance, his embellishments (many of which were new to me) tasteful, and neatly executed. His general style is the *grazioso*, with infinite delicacy and a great deal of expression, but never rising to the grand, simple, and dignified cantabile of the old school, still less to the least approach towards the *bravura*. He evidently has no other, therefore there is a great want of variety in his performance, as well as a total deficiency of force and spirit. Of the great singers mentioned before, he most resembles *Pacchierotti*, in one only, and that the lowest of his styles; but cannot be compared to him in excellence. He is also somewhat like him in figure, but far better looking; in his youth he was reckoned remarkably handsome. On the whole, there is much to approve and admire in his performance, and I can readily believe that in his prime he was not unworthy of the reputation he has attained in Italy. Even here, under so many disadvantages, he produced considerable effect, and overcame much of the prejudice raised against him. To the old he brought back some pleasing recollections; others, to whom his voice was new, became reconciled to it, and sensible of his merits; whilst many declared that to the last his tones gave them more pain than pleasure. However, either from curiosity or real admiration, he drew crowded audiences. In 1826, *Caradori*, though still belonging to the company, was unaccountably removed for the purpose of introducing a new singer of the name of *Bonini*, and *Garcia's* place was filled by a performer below mediocrity. The new first woman having frequently sung with, and been taught by *Velluti*, was brought over at his recommendation and desire. She was not without merit, and it was not easy to say what were her faults; but it was impossible she should please: neither her voice nor her style had any peculiar excellence or defects. Her person was small and very plain, and she was no actress. She was little attended to, and though never calling down disapprobation, was never applauded. *Velluti's* favour sensibly declined, and in his second opera, called *Tebaldo e Isolina*, by *Morlacchi*, which he considers as his *chef-d'œuvre*, he was much less admired than in the former. For his benefit this year, (which I also went to) he brought out *Aureliano in Palmira*, one of the first compositions of *Rossini*, and the only one of his operas in which he ever would sing. It is in my opinion one of the best of that master, as he had not yet, in his efforts at originality, fallen into that wild unnatural style which characterises so many of his works. There are in it many beautiful melodies, and but little of the extravagant ornament and cramped passages he subsequently delighted to introduce. Those who are more conversant with his compositions, and can remember them, (which I have professed I cannot) say that this opera has been a nursery from whence he has drawn much for his later productions, and that there is scarcely one good motive in it which he has not transplanted into some other. The first woman's part was again filled by *Bonini*, a miserable representative of the heroic *Zeno*;

bia. But I now discovered why Velluti preferred her to any other performer. Pasta had returned to England some time before for her usual short engagement; but they never appeared in the same opera. This was thought to be occasioned by jealousy or rivalry in one or both: Velluti, however, was in the right to decline it. She would not only have overpowered him with the strength and volume of her voice, but her style was so different, often so superior to his own, that they could never have harmonised well; whereas Bonini, trained by him, accustomed to sing with him, and having acquired all his peculiar graces, was exactly suited to him by equality of power and similarity of style: in the duettos, accordingly, nothing could be more perfect than the union of their voices."

"Miss Fanny Ayton, a young English woman who has acted in Italy, is said to have some merit, but an indifferent voice. Tosca has the recommendation not only of a brilliant voice, but of extraordinary beauty: but this is her first appearance on any stage, and she is extremely young; consequently she cannot yet be a finished prima donna, whatever promise of future excellence she may hold out. There is, too, a Signora Brizzi, a very weak contralto. Among the men, Zucchelli, so justly a favourite, has been here, and is already gone, to be replaced by Galli, another *basso cantante* of eminence."

Having thus gone very fully through the most striking particulars brought forward by the noble author, we shall conclude with his equally judicious and useful general remark on the late and existing condition of the Italian Opera in London: but this demands another No. of our *L. G.*, and in the next our remarks on this subject shall be completed.

The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton.

[Conclusion.]

IN consequence of the agreement mentioned in our last, Thornton obtains a commission, and soon after sails to join his regiment in America, where he experiences a variety of adventures, all of which are most graphically and characteristically described. We have no room, however, for any extracts from this part of the work. His exile in the western world is of short duration: he returns; and after a short respite is sent out to Gibraltar. There he remains for some time; and during his stay, the town and the garrison are visited by the pestilence. Every body remembers the celebrated description of the plague in Egypt, given by the author of *Anastasis*: the following will not suffer by a comparison with that powerful and appalling representation.

"Deep gloom hung on us all. Melancholy was the daily meeting at the mess; for we had only to recount the still advancing progress of the pestilence, or the name of some companion who since yesterday had fallen its victim. But worse than all was it, when called by duty to descend into the town;—to see the streets desolate and deserted—to hear, as we passed the closed dwellings, the loud and terrible shrieks of some delirious sufferer within; and then the horn that gave signal of the approach of the dead-cart, as it slowly rolled onwards in its dismal circuit! Never has its wild dissonance passed from my ear—never, I believe, shall it utterly pass away and be forgotten. Many of the Europeans, on the first appearance of the fever, had quitted the town, and taken up their residence at Algiers or St. Roque, or gone on board of the ships in the

bay. This, however, could not continue. The Spaniards formed a cordon a few miles' distance from the fortress, in order to prevent any communication with the interior, and all avenue of escape from the danger was at once closed. The disease soon spread its havoc among the shipping, and the deep daily yawned over a new accession of its victims. There was death alike upon the land, and the waters. In the camp, too, he was busy; and in the course of about three weeks, we had lost five officers and above a hundred men. Among the former were Major Warburton and Captain Spottiswoode, to whose company I was attached. Popham, too, was attacked, but recovered. I was not coward enough to be prevented by my fears from attending his sick-bed; and the little friendship could do to allay his sufferings was done. I mention this, I confess, with something of pride, for the conflict within was a severe one, and the struggle long. The pestilence, which had hitherto despised the feeble efforts of man to obstruct its progress, was at length arrested by the hand of God. With no external or visible cause to produce a change in its character or consequences, when it was already raging in its fury, and even hope was wavering in the stoutest heart, a sudden relaxation of its power became apparent. From that hour its gripe was loosened; day after day its victims were diminished in number, and in a few weeks all traces of its former ravages were to be found only in the grave. Then, as if a vast and overwhelming pressure had been removed, there was a sudden revulsion of our spirits, a rebounding of the heart so powerful and extraordinary, as to seem almost allied to madness. The lips on which no smile had been seen for months, now gave utterance to sounds of wild merriment, and downcast and heavy eyes were lighted up with more than their original gladness. Each individual felt as if he himself had been preserved from death by a miraculous interposition of Providence. Never at mess had I seen the wine-cup filled so high, nor heard the wild revelry of light and jovial hearts echoed so loudly and so long. Let us hope this was not all. Let us believe that, in silence and retirement, there were knees bent in the humility of prayer, and that the sound of thanksgiving rose from many voices to that God by whose almighty arm they had been upheld and supported."

Thornton quits Gibraltar, and soon after lands in Ireland. We cannot refuse ourselves the gratification of inserting the following somewhat odd but striking passage.

"I have ever loved Ireland—I love it now—I shall love it till death. All Irishmen are dear to me; but in the wild men of Connaught do I delight the most. There is something about them at once piquant and interesting. Kind, warm-hearted, and ferocious; generous, hospitable, and bloody; the most amiable of incendiaries, the wittiest and most delightful cut-throats in the world. I have long ceased to read the details of Irish murder, for I found it impossible to do so with a proper degree of moral indignation. In that country, arson and assassination are irradiated with a halo, to which in less favoured lands they are strangers. Outrage generally assumes the air of good fellowship. The jest and the pistol are pointed together, the trigger is drawn at exactly the proper moment, and the victim dies good-humouredly in the midst of a guffaw. I declare I never yet read of a tithe-proctor or an exciseman losing his ears by a summary act of Whiteboy justice, without mentally becoming *particeps criminis*, and longing to throw in a

kick. But a more melancholy note would become the subject better. Why is it, we may ask, that Ireland, bearing all the elements of a great and glorious people, has become a proverb and a by-word among the nations, whose very name suggests only the image of bigotry, persecuting and persecuted, of oppression and misrule? When shall the brand of her curse be obliterated from her forehead, and when shall she become, what God and nature intended, a happy and a united people?"

Our hero spends sometime at Bath, where he meets his country cousins—to whom we would previously have introduced the reader, were they not dreadful bores—and various other characters, whom he hits off with infinite skill and discrimination. Here also he learns his sister's marriage to a *roué* of the name of Hewson, which furnishes a melancholy episode to the history.

We have, however, only room for one more extract; but it is one pregnant with the deepest interest: it is of Albuera.

"Heavily rose the sun on the eventful morning of the 16th of May, 1811. Dark volumes of clouds obscured his disc, and his rays lost more than half their brightness in penetrating the dense masses of vapour which on all sides overspread the horizon. We were under arms two hours before day-dawn, and thousands of eyes, which that morning watched his rising, were destined never to see him set. The morning, though still and dark, was not misty. Objects, even at a considerable distance, were distinctly visible. There was no wind to stir a leaf upon the smallest spray, and the scene before us, though gloomy, was peaceful. It was seven o'clock before we returned to our tents, and at that time no enemy was visible. Two of my brother-officers that morning shared my breakfast; and of the whole party, including the three servants who ministered to our wants, I was, in the course of two hours, the only individual alive. While we were at breakfast, a few shots were fired by our artillery, which did not at all influence our meal; but that concluded, my curiosity led me to advance a considerable distance in front of the line, to observe the motions of the enemy, who was reported to be fast approaching. The report was correct. Their advancing masses covered the road for several miles, and their cavalry, formed in column of squadrons on the plain, had already menaced an attack on the bridge of Albuera. Fast as their infantry came up, they halted in column on either side of the road, without indicating by any demonstration what part of our position was about to become the chief object of their attack. I spent about half an hour—it might be more—in thus gratifying my curiosity; and when I returned, the tents were struck, the baggage sent to the rear, and the whole army drawn up in line of battle. The pain I felt at this sight was excruciating. To have been absent from my post at such a moment, when the sound of the artillery, which had already opened on the advancing enemy, shewed that the battle had even now begun, was to incur the possibility of an imputation which I could brook no lips to utter. I ran madly to the rear, and found with some difficulty the place where my tent had stood. I was in dishabille, and it was necessary, on such an occasion, to appear in uniform. My coat, hat, and sash, had been left on the ground; but in the hurry, my sword had been removed with the baggage. I changed my dress as speedily as possible, casting from me those I wore, for plunder either to our own soldiers or those of the enemy, and having supplied the

place of my own sword by that of a sergeant, I joined my regiment. My old enemy, Colonel Penleaze, was not displeased, on the present occasion, to have an opportunity of venting his long-suppressed resentment. 'How does it happen, Captain Thornton,' he exclaimed in front of the battalion, 'that when the regiment has, for the last half hour, been instantly expecting to be called into action, you were absent from your company?' I was proceeding to answer this question, but he interrupted me. 'Make no reply, sir, for your conduct admits of no excuse. Nothing can justify your absence from your duty at a moment like the present. Had you been a minute later, sir, I should have sent you to the rear in arrest; and, as it is, I may yet possibly think it proper to report your conduct to the general.' My blood boiled in my veins as he spoke, and had death been the consequence, I must have answered. 'Colonel Penleaze, I am ready to account for my conduct any where, or in any manner, and shall repel, as becomes me, either in public or private, whatever charge you, or any man, shall dare to make, affecting my honour.' Just at that moment, a heavy firing commenced on our right, and the adjutant-general rode up, with orders for our brigade instantly to advance.—In order to render the subsequent account of this to me most eventful and memorable battle more clear and intelligible, I shall here take leave to say something of the relative situation of the hostile armies. Our position was a chain of eminences, along the front of which flowed the river Albuera, a shallow stream, and in many places fordable. Through the centre of it ran the road to Badajoz and Valverde, crossing the river by a bridge, which Beresford evidently expected would have been the main object of the enemy's attack. To the left of the road lay the village of Albuera, apparently deserted, and in ruins. Near this was stationed our artillery. The enemy, however, merely menacing this point, crossed the river about a mile higher up, where its course was nearly at right angles with that which it subsequently took in front of our position. By this movement, our right flank, consisting of Blake's army, was laid completely open to attack; and instantly driving the Spaniards from the heights they occupied, Marshal Soult drew up his army in a commanding position, which completely raked the line of the allies. Thus an immediate change of front, on our part, became necessary; and the object to which our efforts were directed, of course, was to dislodge the enemy from the very important heights of which he had already gained possession. In truth, on the success of these efforts depended the whole issue of the battle; for, if the French succeeded in maintaining their position, ours became untenable, and no resource was left but a retreat, which, situated as we then were, could not fail to be both disgraceful and calamitous. Such were the circumstances in which both armies stood, when the order, which I have already mentioned, arrived for our brigade to march instantly to attack the enemy on the heights he occupied. The morning, which had been overcast, and heavily with clouds brought on the day, had now changed to one of storm and rain, so heavy, that less than forty days of it would have sufficed for a second deluge; and it was with every part of our apparel perfectly saturated with water that we commenced our movement. The enemy soon opened on us a tremendous fire of artillery, which did considerable execution in the column, and dashed the earth in our faces as we advanced. One cannon-ball struck

close to my foot, and bounding onwards with terrific velocity, passed through the body of the officer commanding the company immediately in rear of my own, and killed two soldiers in its further progress. As we approached the spot where the courage of both armies was about to be tested, a sight of the most dispiriting description presented itself at some distance on our right. The first brigade, in the act of forming line, was charged by a large body of Polish lancers, and thus taken at a disadvantage, were thrown into disorder, which it was found impossible to retrieve. By this attack, nearly the whole of the Buffs, and second battalion of the Forty-eighth, were made prisoners. We had reached the bottom of the heights, which we were about to ascend, and for that purpose were deploying, by an echelon march, from column into line, when Sir William Stewart, the second in command, rode up to us at full speed. His appearance arrested my attention. The day, as I have already said, was cold and wet, but the perspiration stood in large drops on his forehead, and ran down his cheeks. He was always a man of martial appearance, but at that moment particularly so. There was strong agitation visible in his countenance and manner, but there was a striking expression of high courage in his eye, and as he spoke, his utterance was quicker, and his voice more animated, than I had ever heard it. He addressed us as follows: 'Men of the third brigade, you are about to fight for the honour of your country, and I am not afraid to tell you, that the fate of this army is in your hands. I have committed a great and unfortunate error with the first brigade, but I am sure you will repair all. You will crown the height, and then charge the enemy with the bayonet. Go on, my brave fellows, and may God bless you!' To this inspiring address, the men answered by a loud and hearty cheer; and General Houghton, waving his hat, led the way up the side of the hill. On reaching its summit, we were instantly assailed by a dreadful fire both of musketry and artillery, and the men fell thickly in the ranks. For a moment, the line first wavered, and then recoiled for a pace or two; but General Houghton, again waving his hat, spurred on to the front, and we advanced one more, in double-quick, to the charge. The other regiments of the brigade being in rear, had not yet taken up their position in the line, and we enjoyed the honour of leading them into action. As we advanced, I remember passing Marshal Beresford on the height. He was on foot, with no staff near him, and in a situation of extreme exposure; his look and air were those of a man perplexed and bewildered. Our intention of charging the enemy was unfortunately defeated by the intervention of a small ravine, on the opposite bank of which the French were stationed, and were enabled, by the acclivity on which they stood, to fire on us eight deep. It was on the edge of this ravine that we halted, and opened our fire. The carnage in our ranks was dreadful. General Houghton had been killed in the advance, and bullets flew like hailstones. I saw my friends and brother officers fall around me, and it seemed as if I bore a charmed life, and that I alone moved secure and scathless amid the surrounding havoc. Such had been our situation for some time, when the sergeant-major came to inform me, that the command of the regiment had devolved on me, all the officers senior in rank having been killed or wounded. In the rear I found the horse of the adjutant, who had been killed, and mounting him, I rode

along the ranks, and saw that I had indeed succeeded to a melancholy command. We had taken upwards of seven hundred men into action, of whom not a third remained; and it was evident, if we continued much longer in our present situation, few even of those could expect to escape the fate of their companions. The firing, which had somewhat slackened on the part of the enemy, had, from the exhaustion of ammunition, almost entirely ceased on ours, yet we had received no orders to retire. In this situation, a brigade of artillery was advanced to the front, and instantly opened their fire. It was charged by the French cavalry, and we had the mortification to observe the artillerymen driven from their posts, and the guns remain in possession of the enemy. The regiment were already retiring when this unfortunate event took place; but, even destitute as we were of ammunition, I determined to make an effort to recover the guns, thus disgracefully sacrificed, at the point of the bayonet. Once more we faced the enemy; and calling on the small remains of the regiment to follow me, I led the charge, tramping, as we advanced, on the bodies of our dead and dying companions. The charge was successful. The enemy were driven back, and the guns were once more in our possession. The Fusilier brigade was seen at that moment advancing to our support, and every thing seemed to indicate a happy termination of the contest. Before the arrival, however, of this seasonable reinforcement, we were charged by the Polish lancers, who had already done so much execution in the commencement of the action, supported by a heavy column of infantry. At this moment I received a shot in the body, but did not fall from my horse. I was immediately surrounded by the lancers, and remember receiving a dreadful sabre-cut on the face, and a pistol-shot in the left arm. I fell to the ground, and of what passed afterwards, my memory gives me no intelligence."

From the foregoing extracts and remarks, an idea may be formed of the talent and genius displayed in *Cyril Thornton*. With an unpardonable want of gallantry, we have altogether omitted the ladies; and, seduced by the attraction and splendour of the passages quoted, we have also taken leave to neglect the secondary characters, and what may be denominated the underplots which are incidentally brought out and evolved: but we can, nevertheless, assure the reader, that the author is no less happy and skilful in delineating the varying shades and hues of the female mind, in circumstances the most opposite, than in displaying the characteristic peculiarities of philosophers, soldiers, and men of the world. David Spreull, of whom we regret that we have been able to shew so little, is a unique and happy creation; nor is his ancient handmaiden Girzy painted with less felicity and originality. The ladies Melicent de Vere and Laura Willoughby are also discriminated with considerable delicacy and tact; and although the inconsistency of the former, and the levity with which she violates her sacred vows to Thornton, will probably displease the ordinary class of novel readers; yet we are satisfied that the character is true to nature, and that the author has done right in preferring truth to conventional probability. Upon the whole, we should be unjust alike to our own feelings and the rare merits of the author, whoever he may be, if we did not strenuously and cordially recommend his work as one of the most interesting, powerful, and original performances which has for a long while issued from the press. It

is whispered in the South that Capt. Hamilton is the party guilty of this literary offence,—for which, if so, he has not only our free pardon, but our warmest thanks. Of course he will sin again and again, being encouraged thereto by public applause; and in those cases, we would counsel him to avoid pet words, such as *integuments*, *frate*, *deglutition*, &c., which are specks upon his otherwise brilliant style.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Early Prose Romances. A Collection of Ancient English Fictions. Edited by W. J. Thoms. No. I. Robert the Deuyl. Crown 8vo. pp. 56. London, W. Pickering.

It is the intention of Mr. Thoms to edit a series of those old stories and legends which were the delight of our forefathers and had a great influence over their minds; while for us they possess the recommendation of exhibiting the mind and manners of former times. Of these "classics of an age which knew of none," many are extremely rare, and most are expensive; and we are therefore not only glad to see them promised in a neat and cheap form, but likely to become an extensive collection. Of Robert the Devil, reprinted from Wynkyn de Worde, we have little to say, but that it is a curious book.

Constable's Miscellany, Vols. VI. & VII. Of Converts, Vols. I. & II.

HAVING disposed of Hall's Voyages, Stories of British Seamen, and Memoirs belonging to the French Revolution, in the five preceding volumes, this popular Miscellany has in the last two given us a change, by turning to the history of converts from infidelity. We are not quite sure that the authenticity of all these accounts can be vouched for; but some of them are remarkable, and the generality interesting. The conversions of Rochester, Struensee, Brandt, Lyttelton, Soame Jenyns, &c. &c. may therefore be read with curiosity, if not always with instruction.

Leigh's New Picture of London. 1827.

As additions and improvements are made in works of this class, it is our duty to notify them, that visitors to the metropolis, in particular, may know where to find guides for their ways, and information for their guidance.

Bull on Fuel. 8vo. pp. 103. Philadelphia, Dobson; London, Miller.

As the pressure of our native publications obliges us to postpone many valuable works at the present moment, we can only afford space to notice with approbation the practical observations of this author on a subject of great interest both in domestic and civil economy—that of the most convenient and economical arrangement, under different circumstances, for distributing artificial heat from the various species of fuel. The work proves the progress which practical science is making among our transatlantic friends, while it is equally applicable in every country where economy of fuel is an object.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MEDICAL ESSAYS.—NO. VI. concluded.

III. *Influence of the Predisposition to Disease.*—If previous habits of life require to be attended to in regulating the diet of youth, much more is it necessary to examine into those conditions of the frame which render one individual more susceptible of some diseases than another, or, to employ the language of medicine, the congenital predisposition to disease.

It is not easy to define this state, or to describe the peculiar conformation of body which constitutes it, in any instance; but it is not unfrequently hereditary, descending in families, like resemblance in features and similarity in temper and disposition, and is often evident to the eye of an ordinary observer. Thus we regard a clear, thin, smooth skin, and full blue eyes, fair hair, soft and flaccid flesh, a rosy colour of the cheeks, a tumid upper lip, to be indicative of the *Scrofulous* tendency, or diathesis; a large head, with a state of skin approximating to that already described, unusual quickness of apprehension and precocity of intellect, as denoting great susceptibility to *inflammatory affections of the brain and its membranes*; a narrow chest, with the breathing easily hurried, and a rapid growth, connected with languor, prognosticative of a tendency to *Consumption* and other *pulmonary diseases*; and a peculiar form of the head, evidencing, generally, a diminished capacity of the brain, a vague wandering of the eye, a gaping of the mouth, with a stupid expression of features, and an aptitude to gluttony, as presaging the greatest of all evils which can befall the species—a state of *Idiocy*. When any of these indications are perceptible, much attention is required, so to modify the diet as not to augment the natural tendency to disease, but rather to check it; and by strict care in this particular in early life, it is not impossible that hereditary predispositions, by being kept down in several successive generations, may be gradually weakened and ultimately destroyed. Thus, where there is an evident scrofulous diathesis in a family, a diet calculated to produce tone and to keep up the powers of life, if it do not over-excite the nervous system, is absolutely necessary,—and a similar diet is proper where there is either an hereditary or otherwise marked tendency to Consumption, provided the disease have not already commenced,—whilst this description of food would only operate as fuel to fire, in a habit with an inflammatory tendency. The neglect of these indications in Scotland has been productive of great mischief. The national food, oatmeal porridge, is given, indiscriminately, to all boys; but it is scarcely swallowed by some when it becomes sour upon the stomach, causing distension, oppression, and disorder of that organ, so that little or no nutriment is afforded to the body; the boy is thin, pale, and bloated in the countenance, the mesenteric glands become obstructed, and either disease is entailed upon the manhood of the individual, or he sinks the victim of prejudice and mismanagement. This occurs, in many instances, in constitutions of a very different nature; and, yet, this very diet has produced those vigorous bodies and muscular frames, which, animated with courage, and unsubdued by fatigue, have contributed to the extension of British influence, both commercial and military, over every region of the globe.

But predispositions to certain diseases are not always obvious; and it is, consequently, necessary in parents to remark the effect of certain descriptions of diet upon boys, and either to continue or to avoid them according to their effects. Thus, if a boy, who has the usual allowance of animal food, rapidly acquires obesity of body, with a high colour and an increased irritability of habit, with greater irascibility of temper than heretofore, there is much probability that a continuance of the same plan of diet will favour the production of fever, or of inflammatory diseases of the most dangerous character. The proportion of animal food in such a case should be immediately

diminished, and the individual confined to a vegetable or farinaceous diet until the over-tonicity of the frame is lowered, and the tendency to febrile excitement subdued. In some persons, also, there are peculiarities connected with the nervous system, which render them liable to suffer from the employment of food which is perfectly innocuous to others. This state, which is termed *idiosyncrasy* by medical writers, can be known only by the effects which follow the use of certain articles of diet; but these, when once their effects have been perceived, should be rigidly avoided in future; for it is impossible to say to what extent the constitution may suffer, from persisting in the use of any thing which produces a morbid influence upon the frame. Thus shell-fish, particularly lobsters and crabs, cause fever, accompanied with nettle-rash, in some persons; mushrooms, bitter almonds, and various kinds of spices, produce a similar effect in others; and instances are recorded in which it has resulted from eating even a small morsel of the white of egg. When these results occur, the food which produces them is actually a poison to the particular habit upon which it thus operates.

IV. *Influence of Diet on the Intellectual Faculties.*—As the period of life now under review is that in which mind is most active and curiosity is awakened; and in which there is an unquenchable thirst for knowledge of every description,—it becomes a question of some importance, whether particular modes of nourishing the body, at this age increasing daily towards the perfection of manhood, be injurious to the development of intellect? It is unnecessary, for our purpose, to inquire, metaphysically, into the nature of the connexion between mind and body; it is sufficient to know, that many circumstances which affect the corporeal part of our frames influence the functions of the soul; that a perfectly sound mind is incompatible with many diseased conditions of the body; and that, when these states are removed by physical means, the mind recovers its wonted vigour and energy, with the returning health of the body. This connexion between the spiritual and corporeal part of man is now, indeed, so well understood, that no good physician relies solely upon the moral management of the insane; but combats the diseased state of habit, in which has originated any mental aberration, by the same remedies that he employs in simple corporeal diseases. If these premises, therefore, be correct, the inference must be admitted, that the mode of dieting youth may have a considerable effect on the development of mind. In considering this subject, we set out with this remark, that the intention of nourishment in man is certainly not so much to add to the bulk of the body as to fit it for the due performance of the purposes of his creation; and, acquiescing in this truth, in laying down rules for the diet of youth, I should say, in the language of one who, although represented as a glutton and a reveller, yet, in this instance, is made to utter the wisdom of a Solomon, "Care I for the limbs, the thighs, the stature, bulk, and big semblance of a man? give me the spirit, Master *Shallou*." How is this to be accomplished, as far as diet is concerned, is the question?

In answering this question, we have only to determine what is that state of the body which we denominate health. Perhaps the simplest definition that can be given of health is, that it consists in that condition of the vital organs which is best adapted for the performance of

* *Shakspere, Henry IV.*

their various functions; and in which these are performed with the least degree of consciousness. In this condition of the body, the mind, being perfectly free from attention to corporeal feeling, can be wholly concentrated upon any subject of thought with which it is engaged; whereas, if the mind be conscious of corporeal suffering of any kind, as, for instance, if thought be accompanied with a sensation of fulness or uneasiness of the head, it is impossible that the abstraction can be so complete, or the concentration so perfect, as they would be in a state completely devoid of corporeal sensation. A state of health is, therefore, that condition of the body, in which the mind is most capable of exertion; and, consequently, that state best fitted for unfolding its capacities, and storing it with ideas, in boyhood and youth. Every description of food which is likely to disturb this state of corporeal equilibrium, if I may so speak, is calculated to prove injurious to the development of intellect. A boy, therefore, who is fed luxuriously, and whose appetite is pampered, is ill calculated for study; for, independent of the seductive invitations which the pleasures of the table hold out to allure youth from the severity and dryness of elementary studies, the injurious effects of these indulgences upon health deprive him of the power of application; and surely we cannot wonder that the inexperience of boyhood, when thus exposed to temptation, should hazard even the blessing of health for the enjoyment of an hour. Such is the result of the gratification of the palate, the most contemptible of human pleasures, upon the development of intellect. But it is not luxurious refinement in the quality of the food only which is to be dreaded; much mischief results from over-indulgence in respect to quantity; and it has always been a common remark, that boys who are gluttons are generally stupid, and, to employ a vulgar phrase, remarkably "thick-headed."

Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.*

It is remarkable to see parents indulging this detestable propensity in their children; and supplying them with the means of gratifying it to excess, in their visits at home from school; as if boys were intended to be fatted like pigs for a Smithfield show. It would, indeed, be a high exultation to the writer of this essay, if his remarks could induce even a tythe of his readers to impress upon the rising generation a contempt for the sensual pleasure of eating; to instil into youth a conviction that the only use of food is to supply the waste of the body, and contribute to the support of its strength; and to teach them that nothing is truly desirable which is not calculated to advance intellectual happiness. That such a state of society, however, should ever exist, is rather to be desired than expected; for whatever other changes may have taken place within the last century, men in this respect have remained stationary; and the following sentence, written fifty years ago, is applicable to the present moment: "All assemblies of jollity, all places of public entertainment, exhibit examples of strength wasting in riot, and beauty withering in irregularity; nor is it easy to enter a house in which part of the family is not groaning in repentance of past intemperance, and part admitting disease by negligence, or soliciting it by luxury."[†]

1800 May, 1827.

T.

* Shakespeare, *Love's Labour Lost*.
† Johnson.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE Anniversary Meeting of this Society took place on Saturday the 19th; the Marquis of Lansdowne, president, in the chair. The meeting was very numerously attended. Amongst other distinguished supporters of the establishment, we noticed Earl Spencer, Malmesbury, and Carnarvon, Lord Auckland, Marquis Carmarthen, Bishop of Bath and Wells, Sir Everard Home, Sir R. Heron, M.P., Sir F. D. Acland, Sir J. De Beauvoir, Mr. Baring Wall, M.P., &c. The President having adverted, with much feeling and effect, to the vacancy occasioned by the lamented death of the late President, and his own accession to that office, reported to the meeting the progress of the Society during the past year; from which it appeared that the museum had been enriched by numerous and valuable donations; amongst the most conspicuous of these was particularized a female ostrich from his Majesty. The magnificent collection of the late Sir T. S. Raffles, consisting of mammalia, birds, reptiles, insects, zoophytes, &c. has also been transferred to the Society. The President further informed the meeting, that the works in the Regent's Park are rapidly advancing; the walks have been laid out and partly executed, and some pheastries and aviaries, with sheds and enclosures for some of the rarer animals belonging to the Society, are in active progress. His Lordship then announced that the number of subscribers exceeds 500, and that the list is daily increasing; he also gave a highly favourable account of the funds of the Society; which, after defraying all charges attending upon the various works in progress, leave a considerable and increasing balance in the bankers' hands.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 12.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—F. P. Walsby, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College.

Bachelor in Medicine, with license to practice.—T. Herberden, Oriel College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. P. Cotes, Scholar, R. Michell, Wadham College; Rev. O. J. Cresswell, R. Sankey, Scholar, C. C. College; Rev. R. L. Burton, Christ Church; B. W. Bridges, Oriel College; Hon. and Rev. H. Dumble, All Souls' College; Rev. H. Hodgson, Magdalen College; Rev. O. H. Williams, Balliol College; Rev. T. Quarles, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. B. Wingfield, T. Fairfax, R. Cartwright, Christ Church; G. F. Arthur, Trinity College; J. Bell, W. Hind, University College; H. Reynolds, C. Williams, Scholars of Jesus College; J. Corfe, Magdalen College.

On the same day, in full convocation, the degree of Doctor in Divinity, by diploma, was conferred upon the Rev. J. T. James, M.A., who has been nominated by the King to the bishopric of Calcutta.

MAY 19.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Medicine, with license to practice.—J. Clendinning, Magdalen Hall.

Masters of Arts.—J. Aakro, Taberard, Rev. H. Brown, Queen's College; J. Heneker, C. C. College; J. G. Coleson, R. L. Wilberforce, Fellow, Oriel College; J. M. King, Scholar of Balliol College; Rev. P. F. Rendall, Rev. J. M. Collard, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Grant, Brasenose, Grand Compounder; T. Cottle, Pembroke College; J. P. M'Ghie, Queen's College; W. Butterfield, St. Edmund Hall; F. H. Buckenfield, Magdalen Hall; Hon. G. E. A. Monckton, R. F. Underwood, Student, W. J. Campion, Christ Church; W. Dixon, Brasenose College; R. B. Clarke, Trinity College; W. N. Fall, University College; F. F. Beadon, Oriel College; J. W. Downes, Jesus College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 19.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. J. Thornton, Trinity College; Rev. S. Gedge, Catharine Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. G. Le Mann, King's College; C. Stopford, F. Martin, Trinity College; G. J. A. Drake, J. Hall, W. Truell, St. John's College; F. M. McCarthy, St. Peter's College; F. Morse, C. C. College; Rev. J. G. Maddison, S. Smith, Magdalen College; J. Barker, Downing College.

SCOTT'S NAPOLEON.

(We give another extract from this History, which, having excited general curiosity, will, we trust, be acceptable to our readers. Like our last, it is obtained from the *North American Review*.)

The Vendean War.

We would willingly quote the whole of Sir Walter's most interesting and spirited outline of the struggle in La Vendée, where "the blood-hounds of war" were indeed uncoupled and unmuzzled, by the jacobin dynasty, to imbrue themselves in carnage worthy of fiends; but we must be content with part of it, and that, perhaps, beyond our proper contingent.

"The Vendean insurgents, though engaged in the same cause and frequently co-operating, were divided into bodies, under leaders independent of each other. Those of the right bank of the Loire were chiefly under the orders of the celebrated La Charette, who, descended from a family distinguished as commanders of privateers, and himself a naval officer, had taken on him this dangerous command. An early wandering disposition, not unusual among youth of eager and ambitious character, had made him acquainted with the inmost recesses of the woods, and his native genius had induced him to anticipate the military advantages which they afforded. In his case, as in many others, either the sagacity of these uneducated peasants led them to choose for command men whose talents best fitted them to enjoy it, or perhaps the perils which environed such authority prevented its being aspired to, save by those whom a mixture of resolution and prudence led to feel themselves capable of maintaining their character when invested with it. It was remarkable also, that, in choosing their leaders, the insurgents made no distinction between the noblesse and the inferior ranks. Names renowned in ancient history—Talmont, D'Antichamp, L'Escale, and La Roche-Jacquelein, were joined in equal command with the gamekeeper Stoffet, Cathelineau, an itinerant wool-merchant; La Charette, a roturier of slight pretensions; and others of the lowest order, whom the time and the public voice called into command, but who, nevertheless, do not seem, in general, to have considered their official command as altering the natural distinction of their rank in society. In their success, they formed a general council of officers, priests, and others, who held their meetings at Chatillon, and directed the military movements of the different bodies; assembled them at pleasure on particular points, and for particular objects of service; and dispersed them to their homes when these were accomplished.

"With an organisation so simple, the Vendean insurgents, in about two months, possessed themselves of several towns and an extensive tract of country; and though repeatedly attacked by regular forces, commanded by experienced generals, they were far more frequently victors than vanquished, and inflicted more loss on the republicans by gaining a single battle, than they themselves sustained in repeated defeats.

"Yet at first their arms were of the most simple and imperfect kind. Fowling-pieces and fuses of every calibre they possessed from their habits as huntmen and fowlers; for close encounter they had only stiches, axes, clubs, and such weapons as anger places most readily in the hands of the peasant. Their victories

latterly supplied them with arms in abundance, and they manufactured gunpowder for their own use in great quantity.

"Their tactics were peculiar to themselves, but of a kind so well suited to their country and their habits, that it seems impossible to devise a better and more formidable system. The Vendean took the field with the greatest simplicity of military equipment. His scrip served as a cartridge-box, his uniform was the country short jacket and pantaloons which he wore at his ordinary labour; a cloth knapsack contained bread and some necessaries; and thus he was ready for service. They were accustomed to move with great secrecy and silence among the thickets and enclosures by which their country is intersected, and were thus enabled to choose at pleasure the most favourable points of attack or defence. Their army, unlike any other in the world, was not divided into companies or regiments, but followed in bands, and at their pleasure, the chiefs to whom they were most attached. Instead of drums or military music, they used, like the ancient Swiss and Scottish soldiers, the horns of cattle for giving signals to their troops. Their officers wore, for distinction, a sort of chequered red handkerchief knotted round their head, with others of the same colour tied round their waist, by way of sash, in which they stuck their pistols. The attack of the Vendéens was that of sharpshooters. They dispersed themselves so as to surround their adversaries with a semicircular fire, maintained by a body of formidable marksmen, accustomed to take aim with fatal precision, and whose skill was the more dreadful, because, being habituated to take advantage of every tree, bush, or point of shelter, those who were dealing destruction amongst others, were themselves comparatively free from risk. This manoeuvre was termed *s'égailier*; and the execution of it resembling the Indian bush-fighting, was, like the attack of the Red warriors, accompanied by whoops and shouts, which seemed, from the extended space through which they resounded, to multiply the number of the assailants. When the Republicans, galled in this manner, pressed forward to a close attack, they found no enemy on which to wreak their vengeance; for the loose array of the Vendéens gave immediate passage to the head of the charging column, while its flanks, as it advanced, were still more exposed than before to the murderous fire of their invisible enemies. In this manner they were sometimes led on from point to point, until the regulars meeting with a barricade, or an *abbatis*, or a strong position in front, or becoming perhaps involved in a defile, the Vendéans exchanged their fatal musketry for a close and furious onset, throwing themselves with the most devoted courage among the enemy's ranks, and slaughtering them in great numbers. If, on the other hand, the insurgents were compelled to give way, a pursuit was almost as dangerous to the Republicans as an engagement. The Vendean, when hard pressed, threw away his clogs, or wooden shoes, of which he could make himself a new pair at the next resting-place, sprang over a fence or canal, loaded his fusée as he ran, and discharged it at the pursuer with a fatal aim, whenever he found opportunity of pausing for that purpose. This species of combat, which the ground rendered so advantageous to the Vendéans, was equally so in case of victory or defeat. If the Republicans were vanquished, their army was nearly destroyed; for the preservation of order became impossible, and without order their extermination was inevitable; while baggage, ammunition, carriages, guns, and all the mate-

rial part, as it is called, of the defeated army, fell into possession of the conquerors. On the other hand, if the Vendéans sustained a loss, the victors found nothing on the field but the bodies of the slain, and the sabots, or wooden shoes, of the fugitives. The few prisoners whom they made had generally thrown away or concealed their arms; and their army having no baggage or carriages of any kind, could of course lose none. Pursuit was very apt to convert an advantage into a defeat; for the cavalry could not act, and the infantry, dispersed in the chase, became frequent victims to those whom they pursued. In the field, the Vendéans were courageous to rashness. They hesitated not to attack and carry artillery with no other weapons than their staves; and most of their worst losses proceeded from their attacking fortified towns and positions with the purpose of carrying them by main force. After conquest, they were in general humane and merciful. But this depended on the character of their chiefs. At Machecoul, the insurgents conducted themselves with great ferocity in the very beginning of the civil war; and towards the end of it, mutual and reciprocal injuries had so exasperated the parties against each other, that quarter was neither given nor taken on either side. Yet, until provoked by the extreme cruelties of the revolutionary party, and unless when conducted by some peculiarly ferocious chief, the character of the Vendéans united clemency with courage. They gave quarter readily to the vanquished; but having no means of retaining prisoners, they usually shaved their heads before they set them at liberty, that they might be distinguished, if found again in arms, contrary to their parole. A no less striking feature, was the severity of a discipline respecting property, which was taught them only by their moral sense. No temptation could excite them to pillage; and Madame La Roche-Jacquelein has preserved the following singular instance of their simple honesty:—After the peasants had taken the town of Bressuire by storm, she overheard two or three of them complain of the want of tobacco, to the use of which they were addicted, like the natives of most countries in general. 'What,' said the lady, 'is there no tobacco in the shops?'—'Tobacco enough,' answered the simple-hearted and honest peasants, who had not learned to make steel supply the want of gold, 'tobacco enough; but we have no money to pay for it.' "

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.—This superb Exhibition is daily crowded, and its effect increases with every view. The disposition of the pictures cannot be too much admired; and it shews what judgment in this way can produce.

MR. HOBDAY'S GALLERY.—Within two doors of the Institution is a new and patriotic establishment, opened by Mr. Hobday, for the sale of works by living British artists. There are many fine specimens in the room; and as a spectacle it is well worth a visit.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views in Rome; printed in gold. Drawn and engraved by Pinelli of Rome. W. B. Cooke, Soho Square.

THESE interesting scenes, from the pencil of this celebrated artist, are executed in gold, according to a new invention, and form beautiful illustrations for the album

and scrap-book. The surface resembles the purest white china, or polished enamel plate; and the gold in which they are printed gives a tone highly favourable to the character of the etching or engraving, independent of the rich metallic appearance which it assumes under other lights. This mode of printing is sufficiently attractive, and will give a pleasing and elegant variety to collections such as those named above. We have seen, at Mr. Ackermann's and elsewhere, plates of arms, cards of address, &c., done in this manner, which are extremely beautiful.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MELANCHOLY.

ADIEU! al vaine delights
Of calm and moonshine nightes;
Adieu! al pleasant shade
That forests thicke have made;
Adieu! al musick swete
That little fountaynes poure
When blythe their waters greeke
The lovesick lyly-flower.

Adieu! the fragrant smel
Of flowres in boskye dell;
And all the merrie notes
That trill from smal birdes' throates;
Adieu! the gladsome lighte
Of Day, Morne, Noone, or E'en;
And welcome gloomy Nighte
When not one star is seene.

Adieu! the deafening noyse
Of cities, and the joyes
Of Fashions sicklye birth;
Adieu! al boysterous mirth,
Al pageant, pompe, and state,
And every flauntinge thing
To which the would-be great
Of earth in madness cling.

Come with mee, Melancholye,
We'll live, like eremites holie,
In some deepe uncouth wilde
Where sunbeame never smylde:
Come with me, pale of hue,
To some lone silent spot
Where blossom never grewe,
And man hath quyte forgot.

Come, with thine leaden eye
That notes no passer by,
And drouping solemne head,
Where phansyes strange are bred,
And saddenyng thoughtes doe brood,
Whiche idly strive to borrow
A smyle to vaile thy moode
Of heart-abyding sorrowe.

Come to yon blasted mound
Of phantom-haunted ground,
Where Spirits love to be,
And liste the moody glee
Of Night-windes as they moane,
And the Ocean's sad replye
To the wild unhalloved tone
Of the wand'ring seabird's cry.

There, sit with mee and keep
Vigil when al doe slepe;
And, when the curfew bell
Hath rung its mournfull knel,
Let us together blend

Our mutuall sighes and teares,
Or chaunt some metro penned
Of the joies of other yeares!

Or, in cavern hoare and damp,
Lit by the glow-worm's lampe,
We'll muse on the dull theme
Of Life's heart-sick'n'g dreame—

Of Time's resistless pow'r—
Of Hope's deceitful lips—
Of Beauty's short-lived hours—
And Glory's dark eclipse!

Or, wouldst thou rather chuse
This World's leaf to peruse,
Beneath some dripping vault
That scorns rude Time's assault,
Whose close-rib'd arches still
Frown in their green old age,
And stamp an awful chill
Upon that pregnant page?

Yes, thither let us turn
To this time-shatter'd urn
And quaintly carved stone,
(Dim wrack of ages gone);
Here on this mould'ring tomb
We'll con that noblest truth
The Flesh and Spirit's doom
Dust and Immortal Youth.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MUMMIES.

THE unrolling of the cerements of Egyptian mummies, and the progress making in deciphering the inscriptions on the papyri, coffins, &c. which belong to them, have of late opened an interesting field of inquiry; and though not equally curious in a literary point of view, there are two very extraordinary specimens of another kind at present to be seen in London. These are two mummies of the *Guanche* species, male and female, of which the following brief description is given:—"These mummies, from the Island of Teneriffe, belonged to the primitive people of the Atlantes, of which the Canary Islands are the relics which escaped the grand catastrophe that overwhelmed that continent. They were found, after an earthquake, in one of the caverns which were used as burying-places by these ancient people; and their upright position, and the peculiar method of preservation, by enveloping them, in a disembowelled state, in bulls' hides, confirms the account given of them by Plato. The original envelop of the male was unfortunately destroyed by the natives, in expectation of gold being found within it; that of the female remains perfect. What further process of embalment was made use of is not known. They are in fine preservation, considering that they existed previously to the deluge, a period of more than 4000 years. Further information may be found in the works of M. Bois St. Vincent, on the Canary Islands."

Having examined these remarkable skeletons at Mr. Brettell's, printer, in Rupert Street, we may add a few particulars. The male is hardly more than a disjointed mass of bones, and of little utility except to shew the size of the living being, the form of the skull, colour of the hair, &c.; but the female is in a better state of preservation. Both are small, we should think under five feet in height. The hair of the male is black, mixed with or inclining to a dark red; the beard the same as the head. The hide in which the female is enveloped displays a condition of the rudest nature. The rough or hairy side is turned inwards, and the wrapper or jacket is fastened in front by a skewer formed of the bone of some animal. The hide itself seems to have belonged to the bovine species—the hair about an inch in length, and of a bright yellowish red. The skeleton is still covered with its integuments, muscle, skin, &c. but the whole brought to the consistency of dried parchment. The limbs are straight, and apparently well proportioned

to the body; and the general impression produced is, that the figure must have been slight and neat. We were told that £150 is expected as the price of this curiosity; and we throw it out as a question to arithmeticians to calculate, if a *Guanche* lady who has been dead four thousand years is worth £150, how much is a living English lady worth? For our parts, we have come to the conclusion, that the latter must be, and is, invaluable.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

THE sixth Philharmonic Concert, on the 7th of May, was not such as to call for any particular distinction, and, indeed, it hardly proved satisfactory. Mr. Nicholson's Fantasia, but more properly called Variations on the old air, "Au clair de la lune," pleased, at least, the many young gentlemen who profess that very fashionable, but, in itself, insignificant instrument, the flute. Schloesser's MS. Overture evinced, as is now too often the case with new compositions, more talent than genius. Beethoven's violin quartetto, by Mori, Oury, Moralt, and the younger Lindley, was rather heavy; but Mozart's Sinfonia in G minor, and Beethoven's in D, performed as they were, induce us finally to pass a more favourable opinion on the concert as a whole.

The seventh performance, on Monday, had rather more interest and novelty. Young Liszt played Hummel's difficult and long piano-forte Concerto in B minor in so extraordinary a manner as to excite enthusiastic applause. M. De Beriot, who was last year exalted to the skies as the first violinist ever heard, was most wofully unfortunate with his Concertino, and sorely tried the patience of the audience. The composition is worse than "mediocre," and, perhaps conscious of that, its maker played it correspondingly. Mr. Braham, in his old "parade" piece, "Deeper and deeper still," fully retrieved his former reputation for giving that master-piece in the chaste and simple style which alone suits its character. His declamation was, as usual, quite his own, and therefore greatly effective. Beethoven's ever young Sinfonia Pastorale, we never wish to hear better executed than it was on this occasion, under Bishop and Kiesewetter's able direction.

EXISTEDDVO LUNDAIN.

ON Thursday the annual meeting of Welsh bards and minstrels was held in Freemasons' Hall; when, as usual, this delightful national festival was graced with a numerous attendance of beauty and rank. The Principality turned out its ornaments and honours; and the concert, under the able direction of Mr. Parry, was one of the most charming of the season. The introduction of the harps, and the pennillion singing, formed a curious variety; and the entertainments altogether, with the distribution of rewards and prizes for literary and other merit, was extremely interesting.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE present season has been one of considerable promise and considerable fulfilment. The assiduity and enterprise of Mr. Ebers deserve the thanks of the lovers of dramatic music, and the still more solid recompense, which is now nightly seen, of crowded houses. Many new and successful performers have been introduced, and, to crown all, the great Pasta has been again engaged. On Tuesday,

Mayer's opera of *Medea* was produced, for the first time this season, and, as might have been expected, drew together a crowded audience; among which was to be found a great portion of the nobility and fashion of the kingdom. The *coup d'œil* was splendid. With the acting and singing of Pasta the public are already familiar. Her performance of Tuesday was distinguished by the same tragic dignity and pathos which she threw into the character last season. We missed the fine scene of the Incantation, an excision which will not, we trust, be repeated. The other characters, with the exception of that of *Creon*, miscalled *Creontes*, which fell to the lot of a Signor Giubilei, who was embarrassed and inefficient, were sustained by the same performers that filled them last year. Caradori was admirable: we never heard her to more advantage than in the duet in the last act. Even by the side of Pasta she shone with the most pleasing lustre.

This sweet songstress, alike estimable off and on the stage, in private and in public life, took her benefit on Thursday, and had the most gratifying testimony of the universal favour she enjoys in an overflowing, brilliant, and applauding theatre.

DRURY LANE.

A NEW tragedy, called *Ben Nasir*, which had for some time past been paraphrased in the journals, and puffed in the lobbies, as something of a very superior description, was performed for the first time on Monday evening, and at once most unequivocally condemned. The causes of its failure may, we think, be fairly distributed between the author and the actor—the author who could permit his piece, however weak it might be, to be represented whilst the person to whom the leading part was intrusted was imperfect; and the actor who could have the hardihood to appear before the public in such a situation. Of the real merits of the tragedy, and what effect it might have produced under other circumstances, it is not very easy to form a correct judgment. We should conceive, however, from what we could see of the *dramatis personæ*, and collect from the dialogue, that under no advantages whatever could it have attained any very lengthened existence, as the plot was intricate, without being interesting; the characters out of nature, and the language, though occasionally pretty, any thing but poetical, powerful, or nervous. At the end of the play, which, for the reasons we have given, concluded amidst a volley of hisses, Mr. Wallack came forward and volunteered a speech. He commenced by talking a great deal about himself and his feelings, (matters which, as far as we could understand, had nothing to do with the point in question,) and afterwards proceeded to inform the audience that he was commissioned by Mr. Kean to apologise to them for the melancholy and miserable figure he had cut throughout the evening. And what was his excuse? Why, that sick in body and harassed in mind, his memory, "his once powerful memory," had betrayed its trust; or, in other words, that the powers, both mental and corporeal, of this—with all his faults—formerly impassioned, energetic, and in some parts unequalled actor, were completely and absolutely annihilated. Some few of his followers, at "the lower end of the hall," tried upon this to rally round their old favourite, and throw all the blame upon the author: but the more impartial amongst the audience gave to each of them his share of the burden; and the announcement of another play for the following night, settled the business in an amicable manner.

For Mr. Grattan, some of whose other productions we have read with pleasure and instruction, we are extremely sorry: a fair trial is what every man who writes for the stage is entitled to. For Mr. Kean, fallen as he is, we can feel no other emotion than that of pity: and with respect to Mr. Price, he must have been sadly imposed upon to suffer a piece of any sort, however trifling, to be brought before the public until it is seen by the proper persons that the performers are at least perfect in the words of their respective characters.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Tuesday a new comedy, in three acts, was performed at this theatre, called *Love and Reason*. It is a translation, and a tolerably close one, of *Bertrand et Suzette, ou, le Mariage de Raison*, a little piece which is very popular in Paris, and which has been often represented, during the present season, at the French theatre in Tottenham Street. The characters are but few in number, and the plot, like that of the generality of French pieces, is contained within a very narrow compass; but the incidents are ingeniously arranged, and the story, particularly to the young and the susceptible, is of a highly interesting nature. Farren, who performs the principal part, has two extremely good scenes: one with a libertine son, whom he tries to dissuade from either the marriage or the seduction of an orphan girl, who has been brought up in his family; and the other with the girl herself, whom he finally induces to renounce her lover and become the wife of another individual. These scenes, which are, of course, of the didactic kind, received the greatest assistance from the impressive and feeling manner in which the speeches were given by this admirable actor, and would alone, independent of any other merits, have insured a favourable reception to the play. There is, however, in addition to these, some little comic business, which forms an agreeable relief to the more serious parts, and which being in the hands of Fawcett, Keeley, and Mrs. Glover, we need hardly observe, is effective and entertaining. Miss Jarman, who enacts the heroine, plays with her accustomed correctness and propriety, but she scarcely displays a sufficient degree of feeling. The character requires such an actress as Miss Kelly to do full justice to the conflicts between love and duty, which hold alternate dominion in the fair one's heart. The comedy was throughout exceedingly well received; and if some portions of the dialogue be slightly curtailed, we have little doubt that *Love and Reason* will become a great and lasting favourite with the public.

VARIETIES.

A new Edinburgh Journal has just appeared upon a comprehensive plan; for it not only contains political and local intelligence, but from its large size is enabled to devote a considerable space to the literature of the North. It is called the *Edinburgh Saturday Post*; and the first number, sent to us, affords a promising specimen of the publication.

Schah Abbas I. sent 30,000 Christian families to cultivate the Desert of Mazenderon, who, he said, could not fail to multiply, as there was plenty of wine and pigs. He died 1629.

Crébillon called his tragedy of Pyrrhus "une ombre de tragédie," because it was without a death. Voltaire called the double amour in Crébillon's *Electre*, "une partie carrée." Louis XV. said to Crébillon, "Vous avez

quatre-vingt ans." "Non, Sire," replied Crébillon; "c'est mon extrait de baptême qui les a." Piron said of Crébillon and his son—"Le père est un grand homme, et le fils un grand garçon."

Fontenelle.—Voltaire said: "L'ignorant l'entendit, le savant l'admira." On his death-bed he proudly observed: "Je n'ai jamais jeté le moindre ridicule sur la plus petite vertu." He was perhaps the only one who at the same time said, that, had he to live his life over again, he would merely retrace his steps. He died 1757, aged 100 years.

St. Cuthbert.—The Durham Advertiser newspaper mentions the discovery, in the cathedral of that city, of an ancient coffin, containing a skeleton which is supposed to pertain to the famous St. Cuthbert, the patron saint, whose body is recorded to have been solemnly enshrined in the White Church there, A.D. 995, three hundred and nine years after its first burial. "The skeleton was found to be remarkably perfect, and enclosed in the remains of robes richly worked with gold. A large and bright gold ring, having a crucifix, apparently of silver, appended, was lying on the breast, and below it the remains of a book: a large comb was also found in the coffin, the wood of which is about three inches in thickness, and strongly clamped with bars of iron." Further particulars of this interesting discovery must be looked for with much curiosity.

Meteorology.—A memoir, containing the results of above a hundred thousand barometrical and thermometrical observations made at the Observatory of Paris, was lately read to the French Academy by M. Bouvard. These observations have been made regularly day after day, without exception, at sun-rise, at nine o'clock in the morning, at noon, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at nine o'clock in the evening. The barometrical observations comprehend a period of eleven years; the thermometrical of twenty-one.

Major Laing.—In a recent sitting of the Geographical Society of Paris, M. Jomard, the president, expressed some doubts of the authenticity of the intelligence published in the journals (and repeated in English journals, not only without grounds, but carelessly and recklessly), of the death of Major Laing. It is the third time that the death of this intrepid traveller has been announced; and as the first two reports proved unfounded, M. Jomard expressed his hopes that the last might turn out to be as untrue. The letter said to contain the statement, was dated on the 5th of April, and arrived in twenty-four days; an unprecedented instance of despatch. Besides, it is declared in it, that 30,000 Fellans (the proper name is Fellatahs) had risen, and demanded that the English traveller should be given up to them; and that the King of Tombuctoo wished to protect the Major, but was unable to save him from becoming the victim of the barbarity of these 30,000 Fellans. Now, M. Jomard observes, that in 1825 it was a female who reigned in Tombuctoo; and here a king is mentioned. "How is it, too," he asks, "that the Fellatahs, who welcomed the English, have so suddenly become their most cruel enemies; especially when it is recollected that the most powerful of their princes wrote to the King of England a letter full of the warmest expressions of friendship, and in which he manifested a desire to have some English living in his court?" It is possible, that the news may have been fabricated by the Arabs, who carry on a commerce between Tripoli and Soudan, and who, apprehensive that the English may

deprive them of a portion of their trade, oppose every obstacle to their progress, and circulate every kind of story calculated to disgust them with the country.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Rambles in Madeira and Portugal during the early part of 1826, descriptive of the Climate, Produce, and Civil History of the island; with Views in the Madeiras, drawn on stone by Westall, Nicholson, Villeneuve, Harding, Gauci, &c.; from sketches taken on the spot, and illustrating the most remarkable scenes and objects in the Islands.—is announced for early publication.

Memoirs of the Royal Houses of York and Lancaster, Historical and Biographical; embracing a period of English History from the accession of Richard II. to the death of Henry VII., by Emma Roberts—Is, we learn, on the eve of publication. We expect a sterling work from the known talents of the fair authoress.

Already half-a-dozen *contes* on the history and services of the National Guard have appeared; they are mere ephemeral productions. M. Comte, the celebrated publicist, is engaged on a standard work on the subject, which it is well to embrace the history of the corps from its commencement, and prove that it has more than once saved Paris from destruction, and the royal family twice from being massacred, namely, in the beginning of the revolution and in March 1815.—(Paris Letter.)

Messrs. Gosselin and Sautet's splendidly embellished edition of Walter Scott, in 18mo., has had a success beyond their hopes; and to suit all purchasers, they are now publishing an edition in 32mo. The quarto work of Views in Scotland illustrative of the Scenes traced by Sir Walter, has reached the eighth No. with increased public favour.—Id.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Age Reviewed, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Cyril Thomson, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Spenser's Poetical Works, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 3l. bds.—The Northumberland House, 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—May Fair, fcp. 8vo. 3s. bds.—Coleman's Sermons, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Protestant Principles, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Hyde Nugent, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 6s. 6d. bds.—Picturesque Tour in the Brazil, No. 1. folio, 11s. sewed; India paper, 15s. sewed.—Harrison (Dr.) on Spinal Diseases, royal 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Huntingford's Roman's Conversations, 2d edition, 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Scudmore (Dr.) on Rheumatism, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Levison on the Teeth and Gums, 8vo. 3s. bds.—Light's Views of Pompeii, Part I. 4to. 10s. 6d.; India paper, 15s.—Shaw's Antiquities of the Chapel at Luton Park, folio, Part I. 15s.; India paper, 1l. 10s.—McCrle's History of the Reformation in Italy, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Cottrell's Psalms and Hymns, new edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Barrow's Dictionary of Facts and Knowledge, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Boswell's First Latin Grammar, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Deacon's Law and Practice of Bankruptcy, 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 10s. bds.—Newcombe's Gospel Harmony, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Daubeny's Vindication of Bishop Bull, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Cunningham's Morning Thoughts on St. Mark, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Mayer's Hulsean Prize Dissertation, 8vo. 4s. bds.—Noel's Sermons at Richmond, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Student's or, Biography of Grecian Philosophers, 8s. 6d. 12mo. 6s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 17	From 46. to 64.	29.46 to 29.53
Friday... 18	— 50. — 67.	29.53 — 29.60
Saturday... 19	— 50. — 67.	29.57 — 29.60
Sunday... 20	— 48. — 70.	29.52 — 29.59
Monday... 21	— 49. — 75.	30.00 — 30.03
Tuesday... 22	— 47. — 66.	30.03 — 29.96
Wednesday 23	— 48. — 68.	29.90 — 29.61

Wind variable; prevailing wind S.W. Generally cloudy and raining, except on the 19th, 20th, and 21st; a little thunder and lightning on the evening of the 17th.

Rain fallen .575 of an inch.
 Edmonton. Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
 Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As this Gazette is necessarily little more than a sequel to the last, in several papers of temporary interest, we have postponed many articles on various topics, and many novelties, till next Saturday.

P. W. has our warm thanks. Endeavouring to give within our weekly sheet, though necessarily a brief, yet as complete as possible an abstract and chronicle of the Literature, Science, and Arts of the passing time—it is but seldom we can devote our page to such papers as he has been so obliging as to offer us. We fear we must therefore hold out no promise of availing ourselves of his communications as proposed in his last letter.

We cannot publish D. S. L. A very Old Subscriber (Edinburgh, May 14) appears to us to have improved very little by reading the Gazette for years; or he could not so utterly have mistaken the meaning of a most innocent expression.

Non-insertions.—The Parting, by A. R. S.; Louisa; Leon; E. C. R.; C. F.; E. H. H. (Dublin).

Mr. Hughes must consult the advertisements for the information he requires. Our stating prices in review would subject us to duties to the amount of several hundred pounds per annum.

Declined: G. K.; K. C. B.

ADVERTISEMENTS:
Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALM MALL. His Majesty, upon the request of the Directors, and to gratify the wishes of the Public, has been graciously pleased to allow his Private Collection of Pictures, with several very interesting Additions, to be again exhibited.
The Gallery is open daily, from Ten to Six o'Clock.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. The
Exhibition of the Society of British Artists is open Daily to
from 12 noon to 6 o'clock till dusk.

D. T. EGERTON, Secretary.
N.B. Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
South Street, Pall Mall East.

DR. ASHBY SMITH will begin his Summer Course of Lectures on Diseases of the Skin, on Thursday, May 31, at his House, 18, Bloomsbury Square. Those Lectures, illustrated by Drawings, and founded upon the Classification and Arrangement of the late Dr. Willan, form a practical Course of Instruction in Eruptive Complaints, and comprise a full Detail of the Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of those Diseases.

Further Particulars may be known by applying to Dr. Smith, at his Residence, above mentioned.

DR. FAITHORN is removed to Grosvenor Place, Bath. His Work on the Liver and Biliary System, comprehending the various, extensive, and often complicated Disorders of the Digestive, Internal Organs, and Nervous System, originating from these Sources, is sold, as usual, by Longman and Co. Paternoster Row.

VALUABLE COPYRIGHT FOR SALE
by AUCTION. To be exposed to Sale by Public Room
(free of all Claims), in the Royal Exchange Coffee-house, Edin-
burgh, on Friday, the 30th of June next, at Two o'clock After-
noon, if not previously disposed of by Private Bargain, the entire
Copyright of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and of the recent
Supplement to that Work, with their whole Copperplates, form-
ing part of the Literary Property belonging to the sequestrated
Estate of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Company, late Book-

will know, and too widely extended, to render it necessary to describe them at any length. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" has passed through six editions, the last of which was published in 1901, in twenty volumes quarto. During its progress through the six editions, the work has been enlarged and re-arranged, and now contains a stock of Articles and Treatises of great and permanent value in every branch of human knowledge. Since its first appearance, not less than 30,000 copies of this work have been sold, and its popularity, instead of suffering from the extinction of rivalry, has continued to increase to the present day.

The Supplement to its fourth, fifth, and sixth editions, which were first published in 1834, in six volumes quarto, enjoys a reputation which is far surpassing that of any other work of the kind that has yet been published in this country. The *Articles and Treatises which have been published in the original and recently revised edition of the Supplement* are so numerous, and so many of them have been so long known, that it is difficult to say which of them cannot but be regarded as forming one of the most valuable and useful additions that has ever been made to this stock of important knowledge. The list of its authors would have scarcely sufficiently recommended it, even though its merits and its successful sale had not been proved by so satisfactory a test as the sale of more than 1,500 copies.

It may be safely stated that the public have paid not much less than one million sterling for these two works. Their incorporation, upon a judicious plan, under one alphabet—an operation which might be effected without any of those delays and uncertainties attending the publication of such works, would form an Encyclopædic model, to a great extent, in direct with reference to the present state of the world, yet far from being archæological and superannuated, but rather embracing the most recent and the most perfect than any now existing, and which could not fail to be viewed with still higher approbation than any former edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Publishers are now, therefore, furnished with the opportunity of acquiring a work of universal utility, and which is calculated to afford greater and more permanent profit than any other species of literary property.

Appliances for the sale of Messrs. Alexander Brown, Trustees of the Registered Office of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., 15, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

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of the Battle of Waterloo—The French Theatre—Burnes War-
ting at Tatar—Two make a Pair—Richmond Dances in
General's Campaigns of the Peninsula—Martin's
Gravering—Literary Intelligence—Reviews and Literary
Intelligence—Exhibitions—Reports, &c.
Published by Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane.
In which it also published, embellished with a Portrait of
The Right Hon. HARRY, Viscount of BUCKINGHAM,
La Belle Assemblée for June; which elegant
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& Co., Cockspur Street.

New Weekly Literary Journal, price, unstamped, 6d. or stamped
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On Saturday, June 16th, will be published, No. 1. of
THE LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW
 AND JOURNAL OF LITERATURE and the FINE ARTS
 * * Advertisements received at the Publisher's, F. C. Westley
 No. 160, (near Somerset House) Strand.
 May 4. 1837.

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 nation Oath.—III. Distressed Operatives.—IV. American Syn-
 pathy for the Papists.—V. Phillips's Letter to the Right Hon-
 G. Canning.—VI. The Reigning Vice: a Satire.—VII. Politi-
 Economy.—VIII. A Prophecy found in an Old Manuscript.—IX.
 Sketches from Public Life.—X. Poem.
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A Second Edition of the First Number is in the Press.
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London: Published for the Executor of the late W. Bent, by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green; and sold by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; G. B. Whittaker; Simpkin and Marshall; and all Booksellers.

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